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FROM SOUL TO SOUL

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE



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*Yours Sincerely
Emma Rood Tuttle.*

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

BY

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

NEW YORK,
M. L. HOLBROOK & CO.

1882.

Yours Sincerely
Emma Rod. Tuttle

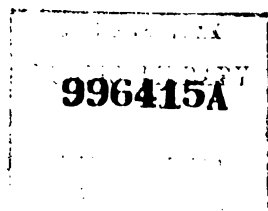
FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

BY

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

NEW YORK,
M. L. HOLBROOK & CO.

1890.
R. B. P.



Copyright by
EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Inscribed
TO
THE FAITHFUL DOERS OF LITTLE THINGS,
WHICH FORM SO LARGE A PART OF
HAPPY AND PERFECT LIVES,
BY
THEIR SYMPATHISING FRIEND AND
ARDENT ADMIRER
THE AUTHOR.

BIEB 19 FEB 36



PREFACE.

These rhymes are selected from my unbound collection, and are not superior, I believe, to the ones still left in the seclusion of my desk to await the encouraging call of my generous friends and readers at some future time.

"Incidents of Life Under the Blue Laws," "A Story of 1810," "Grandmother's Pewter Platter," etc., were written from tales told me by a woman now living, at the age of ninety years, in full possession of her mental faculties, who vouches for the truth of the occurrences told in my verses. I am aware that in matter and diction they are not elegant, but they record the thoughts, manners and laws of times beyond the memory of readers of the present. The sight of the aged one who looked on the strange events is dim with age, and she will never read my rhymes with mortal eyes, but she remembers vividly, and I give you her stories in exact detail.

I have, with some hesitation, included "Would Women Vote or Columbia Perplexed." It voices the sentiments of thirty influential lady writers of the present time on this living issue, and as they did not hesitate to put themselves on record in *THE SUN*, published Oct. 28th, 1888, at Cleveland, Ohio, I infer they will not demur at the liberty I took in rhyming them.

The music is limited to a few pages, which I regret, as I assure you I would be pleased to give you all my songs and poems in this one volume. Perhaps, however, they might weary you into thanklessness, and it may be best as it is.

My personal poems I have, with two or three exceptions, left to wait; so, if in looking through this book you miss a cut flower I gave you, do not say, "She forgot my blossom!"

To the friends, seen and unseen, who have from time to time sent me encouraging words or friendly criticisms I return my warmest thanks, and trust if my verses fail to brighten your lives they may at least cast no shadow.

E. R. T.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO,
Sept. 30th, 1890.

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FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

BEAUTIFUL CLARIBEL.

EVENING has launched out her white boat above me,
Here in the shadows the flowers lie asleep,
Angel of beauty, to-night, if you love me,
Sail down to me through the hushed airy deep ;
Come from the headlands which gleam o'er the dark night,
Down o'er the billows atremble with starlight,
Wearing the sanctified asphodel blossom,
Plucked from the Garden of God on your bosom.
Sail down the airy sea whitely and silently ;
Sail down the airy sea, beautiful Claribel !
Dearer than words can tell
Thou art to me.

June lies asleep at God's feet in her flushing,
Pure as the north snows and warm as the south,
Over her brow dewy roses are blushing,
Songs yet unsung shape the curves of her mouth.
You are so wise you would know past mistaking,
This is the Earth where hearts grieve unto breaking.

But you would dream it the outskirts of Heaven,
Save for the shadows that lie on the even.

Sail down the airy sea whitely and silently ;
Sail down the airy sea, beautiful Claribel !
Dearer than words can tell
Thou art to me.

When earth is desolate I would not call you
Down to these lowlands from mansions of rest ;
Never a storm for my sake shall befall you,
Never a sorrow sweep over your breast.

I will not beckon when hot tears are showering,
I will not call when the dark storms are lowering,
Time was when you had your measure of weeping,
Dear soul, whose body lies silent and sleeping.

Sail down the airy sea whitely and silently ;
Sail down the airy sea, beautiful Claribel !
Dearer than words can tell
Thou art to me.

Tell me if love is a passionless splendor
Up on the amethyst mountains of time ;
Or, is the old love eternal and tender,
Life folding life in a sweetness sublime ?

You float at will over measureless spaces,
I cannot climb up to God-lighted places ;
Come down to me from your lily-starred meadows,
I will come up by and by from the shadows.

Sail down the airy sea whitely and silently ;
Sail down the airy sea, beautiful Claribel !
Dearer than words can tell
Thou art to me .



SOLILOQUY OF FULVIA AT SICYON.

“She died at Sicyon A. U. C. 712, through chagrin and wounded pride, as was believed, at her husband’s attachment to Cleopatra of Alexandria.”

WRETCHED and weak and dying, I cry in the gathering darkness.

The sun sinks low on the plain, and the red fires of sunset
flame upward,

Painting the beautiful citadel glittering scarlet.

Time was in my life when such gildings and flashings had
pleased me—

When the bloom of my lips and the light of my eyes were as
vivid

As aught ever shaped on the earth or hung up in the heavens,
Albeit they are now but ashes of roses and arrows !

Beholding me now, in the night of my turbulent grandeur,
Eclipsed and forgotten, or only remembered with curses,
One scarcely would dream I was ever a stranger to weakness;
But Clodius knew, and Antonius, and so knows Marc Antony,
If aught he yet knows, save Cleopatra’s subtle enchantment.

I would I had died ere my soul was starved out to a shadow,
Unable to flash up the skies when the death pangs are over !
The blushes of shame flush the face of me though I am dying,
At thought of this wreck floating up past the gods in the
heavens,

And hearing them say each to each, “That is Fulvia from
Sicyon,

“Who mourned herself dead that a woman was fairer in
Egypt.”

Then shall I speak out, with the ghost-lips which burn to give answer,

And picture myself ere the days of my brilliancy faded.

Ah ! I was not weak before love in its opulence failed me

And wasted itself on a Leopardess bearing a sceptre—

Supple and velvety, blood-thirsty, treacherous, cunning,

Yet winning my warrior times without count to her bosom,

And holding him drunk as a fool on her conquering beauty.

Is this wreck the Fulvia of Rome, and the days which are buried,

Emblazoned in glory and blood ?

Was *she* weak on that morning

When Clodius lay in her vestibule, slain by assassins,

And she swayed the populace under her eloquent wailings,

Until from her heart crept the scarlet-tongued serpent, Sedition,

And stung half the crowd, while she wept o'er the corpse of her husband ?

Ha ! she was not weak when she held on her knees with exulting,

Great Cicero's head, staring up at her, ghastly and trunkless.

Discoursing with riotous mirth on his follies and failures,

And piercing, at length, with a glitter of terrible pleasure,

His tongue, then defenceless and dumb, through and through with her bodkin !

Nor yet when she tarried at Rome, while 'gainst Cassius and Brutus

Her Antony drove on the war, and she ruled o'er the city,

Naming praetors and governors, all with an eye to his glory

And helping to blaze him with honors—*too great for his genius.*

O heart! which is painfully beating itself into stillness,

I would I could pierce *you* athrough, like the tongue of my foeman,

For loving a man who has bruised you to desperate wailings,
And telling again the old tale of the weakness of woman !
But I must crush back all my dreams of magnificent vengeance;
Must die unavenged in the impotent moanings of sorrow !
And still will my husband grow rapturous, meeting her kisses,
And still will her beauty blaze brighter because of the meeting,
And still I shall sleep in dumb patience, no longer complaining.

I would that a barbarous faith of her barbarous nation
Were true, and extended to me : I could die with rejoicing
If reincarnation might show me a pathway to vengeance !
I care not to kill her, and leave her a memory bewitching,
But I would be anything loathsome, or fiery or subtle
So I might steal near her and blight all her power and her
 beauty
Until she grew loathsome, imploring Marc Antony's favor,
And suffered love's dire crucifixion in fashion as I do.

O, death is all mystery ! Out past its gateway of silence
What waiteth no mortal can tell, but contently I vision
A valley of rest whither tortured hearts never are carried,
And where Love is somewhat besides a mad woman in scarlet
Who makes men forget all the white creeds of honor and duty,
And shadow with records of perfidy kindred and country.

The keen edge of anguish is turned, and I wrestle no longer
'Gainst numb heart, and dumb lips, and stony eyes frozen and
 tearless,
But yield me, if blindly, yet hopefully up to the keeping
Of Death, who is calmer than Silence and stronger than Vengeance.

FROM THE HIGHLANDS OF HEAVEN.

SILENT and sorrowful outward I wandered,
Through the Gate Beautiful, up in the skies ;
Earth all the wealth of my grief had not squandered,
Death had not banished the tears from my eyes.
Turning and gazing adown the blue spaces
Whence I had come from my sickness and pain,
Catching the glimpses of agonized faces,
Heaven with its beauties enticed me in vain.

Up where a high headland meltingly glistened,
Looking far out o'er the fathomless sea,
Homesick and silent, I longed and I listened,
Hoping the winds would bear something to me ;
Praying the sighs from the wide sea would bring me
Something to lighten the weight of my woe ;
Messages sweeter than angels could sing me,
Wavering up from my loved ones below.

Love cannot die ; and my mother-soul, yearning,
Leaned from the sunny heights whither it must,
All its intensity constantly turning
Back to its treasures in garments of dust.
Mournfullest tremblements crept o'er the water,
Shaping themselves to the sounds of my name,
All floating up in my sad ears to loiter—
Up from the land whence, a spirit, I came.

Tears from my eyes gemmed the fair phantom-blossoms,
Melting and dreamlike, which grew at my feet,
Such as the happy ones wear on their bosoms,
And weave 'round the heads of the children they greet.

Softly a prayer was breathed into my being ;
Sacred with love was the sighing refrain—
“ Father, my Father, all-wise and all-seeing,
Send me the soul of my mother again !

“ Open the gates where she walked into glory ;
Let her come back like her dear self again,
Crownless and harpless, and hark to my story,
Full of such loneliness, doubting and pain.”
Sweeping above me in gracefulest whiteness,
Figures were cleaving the balm-laden air ;
“ Father, I ask not their beauty and brightness ;
But I would answer the wailings of prayer.

Delicate robings, like amethyst tinted,
Dreamiest azures, or shadowy rose,
Whereon the souls of fair blossoms are printed—
I am not longing for any of those !
Crown leaves would burden a brow which is aching ;
Harp-notes were dissonant music to me ;
May I return to the hearts which are breaking,
Mute and invisible though I may be ? ”

Coming more near me, in soothing compassion,
Dew-on-the-lilies spake soft to my soul,
Giving me strength in the tenderest fashion,
Lulling my anguish to stillest control.
“ Go ! ” sang my fellow-immortals ; “ all Heaven
Knows not a labor more sacred than this ;
Love’s precious chain is not tarnished nor riven ;
Heaven and Earth link in sorrow and bliss.”

THE FIRST FLEDGELING.

IT seems so lonely in the nest
Since one dear bird is flown,
To fashion, with its chosen mate,
A home nest of its own.
We miss the twitter and the stir,
The eager stretching wings,
The flashing eyes, the ready song,
And—oh, so many things !

We find it hard to understand
The changes wrought by years ;
How our own sprightly little girl
A stately wife appears.
It seems to us she still should be
Among her dolls and toys,
Making the farm-house sound again
With “ Little Tomboy’s ” noise.

When berries ripen in the sun,
We miss her fingers light,
Who used to heap them up for tea,
Dusted with sugar white.
They never more will taste as fresh
As when she brought them in,
Her face ablush with rosiness
From sunny brow to chin.

The autumn peaches always turned
Their reddest cheek to her ;
She knew the ferneries of the woods
And where the wild flowers were,

And somehow since she left the nest,
We miss her busy hand
As gatherer, and garnisher
Whoever else has planned.

If little Gold-locks asks of me
"When will my sister come?
Will it be very, *very* long?"
I seem as one struck dumb.
But when her brother bites his lip
And turns to hide a tear,
I answer with a flashing smile,
"Not long, I hope, my dear."

She flutters back more bright with joy
Than when she flew away,
And we are happy—only this—
She never more will stay.
A bird of transit, tarrying
Not long in the old nest,
We scarce could bear it, save we know
God's holy laws are best.

PARSON SMITH'S PROPHECY.

(AN INCIDENT OF OCTOBER, 1777.)

IT was more than a hundred years ago,
While the battle-smoke of the British hung
Between the land and the autumn sky,
Like crape o'er October's glories flung.

Burgoyne was doing his frightful work ;
His Indian allies were banqueting ;
Wild tales of terror and bitter defeat
Seemed the only tidings there were to bring.

All cheeks turned white when the story came
Of the scalping and murder of Jane McCrea ;
How the red-face went to her lover's side
With her scalp-lock reaching below his knee.

The days were burdened with dread suspense,
The nights were broken by watch and ward,
For God seemed looking away from the world,
And His angel watchers asleep on guard !

In young Connecticut, Sharon town,
The clouds hung heavy, but Parson Smith
Went into his pulpit one Sabbath morn
To read God's word, and give cheer therewith.

The people gathered. The text was read—
“The Morning Cometh, the watchman saith.”
The hopeless eyes from the benches plead
To learn the grounds of the good man's faith.

Had he heard good news? Were the dangers less?
Was the balmy promise in wisdom dealt?
No, naught had he that was new to tell—
Only the strange new faith he felt.

He could not cancel the country's woes,
The heavens were starless to human eyes ;
But he could see by some subtle sense
The flash of our armies' victories !

The Sharon prophet waxed strong in speech ;
His voice rang full without doubt or fear ;
"The Morning Cometh ! Its brightness bursts !
This hour shall you-see fulfilment here !"

He closed the Bible in self-amaze ;
The church grew still as a deep grave is ;
Both preacher and hearers seemed to wait
With silent souls among mysteries.

The hush was broken by clattering hoofs—
A rider came galloping out of the North !
The sharp, swift strokes of his horse's feet
Betokened tidings of weighty worth.

Straight through the town to the meeting house,
Dashed on the messenger, drawing rein
At the door. Up the aisle rang his arméd heel
Till the pallid ceilings rang back again.

What tidings ? All were aghast and dumb
As the horseman mounted the pulpit stairs ;
And Parson Smith—how his fingers shook
The letter !—his faith left unawares !

"Burgoyne has surrendered !" the preacher read
In a choking voice, but they caught it clear,
And sobbing in thankfulness fell on their knees—
"The Morning Cometh ! Its light is here !"

And that is the prophecy Parson Smith
Made more than a hundred years ago
In old Connecticut, Sharon town,
And it came to pass ! Thank God it was so !

CASTLES OR HOVELS.

"It is better to build castles in the air than hovels in the gutters."

I LIKE not icy winter, dreary browns, nor ghastly whiteness
Stretching o'er the lifeless landscape, like a mourner's garb
thrown by,
But I'm fancy free to wander to a land of warmth and brightness,
And to build myself a castle where the snowflakes never fly.

I would build my fairy castle on some lily-circled island
Where the sullen jar of discord never shakes the flaky blooms,
And the angels hover o'er it, sweeping down from heavenly
highlands,
To a murmurous hush of music, and a waft of faint per-
fumes.

And my castle shall be builded by my own and best endeavor,
Not by slaves to want, and labor fainting for the boon of rest ;
It would never yield me comfort if my ears were ringing ever
With the hollow hum of workers, poorly paid and sorely
pressed.

I will make one room for mother, who has dwelt so long in
glory
That I sometimes think her spirit will be like a silvery mist ;
Yet, if void of earthly features, love would re-create its story,
And the mother-soul will find me in my castle fair, I wist.

There shall be one fair apartment, tinted soft as skies of summer,
With the souls of earth's lost roses floating vaguely in the
air.

Haunting a guitar, once sung to by a beautiful young comer
To the Earthland, whence she vanished upward like a holy
prayer.

I will fashion this for wooing of the early dead, whose voices
Sank to silence ere the harshness wrought by pain and wrong
crept in ;
Whose young fingers reached for roses, missing all their dewy
choices,
Clasping only what the mourners, on their funeral day brought
in.

And the children ! Oh, the children ! I can scarcely frame
in rhyming
How I long to bid them welcome to my castle large and fair !
Heaven can have no sweeter music than their angel feet in-
chiming,
And my dearest thought of glory is the face of baby Clair.

If by mystery of longing comes mysteriously the having
I shall have again my dumb pets, loving till their latest breath,
Whose great patience, faith, affection, understanding, and all,
saving
Language, makes me hope existence for them ended not with
death.

Those who must, may build them hovels fashioned of dead
limbs and ashes.
They may chant the sad words "finis" when the body enters in ;
But for me, I choose a castle where the sun in glory flashes
On the emerald-tinted landscapes, past this world of strife and
sin.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

EARTH is abundant in beautiful things,
Exquisite blossoms and wavering wings,
Shimmering waters and fathomless skies,
Odorous tresses and tenderest eyes ;
Things we can worship illumine all lands,
But dearest to me are two beautiful hands.

Shapely and white are these treasures so dear,
Yet strong ; when they lead me I know not a fear ;
I almost would go, never doubting a breath,
Though they led me, in tears, to the gateway of death ;
For love, which to holiest language expands
On the lips, is the power of those beautiful hands.

Those hands have not guarded their lilies by sloth ;
They have labored and wrought more than foam bells and froth ;
They are kind and benevolent, open and true,
They are almost divine in the good which they do ;
And I am so glad for the credit which stands
Booked by God on behalf of those beautiful hands.

There is magical mystery throbbing athrough
Each fair tint, and rose tint, and veinlet of blue ;
They are sweet to caress, they are wooing, maybe ;
They charm me and chain me, but still I am free,
And dearer are they that they guide me aright,
Pointing fervently up toward the white hills of light.

Sunlighted lilies are waxenly white,
Dew-varnished roses more rosily bright ;
The hands of the angels more spotless, maybe,
From marrings of earth-life more perfectly free ;
But ever I pray when I reach Heaven's lands,
I may not loose the clasp of those beautiful hands.

THE INDIAN'S PRAYER TEST.

IN beautiful Iowa,
 Off in the Great Northwest,
A meeting was appointed
 To pray away the pest.

From off the arid deserts,
 Beyond the Kansas line,
Came grasshoppers, in legions,
 Undoing man's design.

They drifted thick as snowflakes,
 They quite obscured the sun,
And hopeless was the harvest
 When their greedy work was done.

Where yester morn extended,
 Far as the eye could see,
The bladed corn, or waving wheat,
 Or undulating lea,

To-day was desolation ;
 The wife and children wept,
And e'en to sturdy eyelids
 The tears of anguish leapt.

The parson called a meeting
 To pray the plague away,
And ask if God Almighty
 Would not His vengeance stay.

And when the good man finished,
 A most sonorous prayer,

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

The deacon followed after
With wailings of despair :

The Great Jehovah telling
How wicked they had been,
And that it was a judgment
Most justly sent for sin !

And though they were poor creatures,
Corrupt to very core,
Through Jesus Christ they sought Him
His mercy to implore.

Up strode an Indian warrior,
Bedecked from feet to crown,
And on the Holy Bible
A grasshopper laid down.

“ You pray away the ’hoppers,
Great Spirit hear your call ?
First pray away this little one
Before you try them all ! ”

The parson and the people
Looked on with doubting eye ;
To move that little grasshopper
By prayer, not one dared try.

The Indian shook his feathers
And said : “ Ugh, ugh, you doubt !
Me wait here by the altar
To see you pray him out ! ”

Then quietly the grasshopper
Before the man of prayer

Sprang on a vase of flowers
 A sister had placed there,

 And began to gnaw the blossoms
 Of the beautiful bouquet ;
 Not one voice dared make venture
 To pray that one away !

THE LAST MESSAGE.

Mrs. Ogle, the manager of the Western Union Office, who died at her post, will go down in history as a heroine of the highest order. Notwithstanding the repeated notifications which she received to get out of the reach of the approaching danger, she stood by the instrument with unflinching loyalty and undaunted fearlessness, sending words of warning to those in danger in the valley below. When every station in the path of the coming torrent had been warned, she wired her companions at South Fork : "This is my last message."—*Report of the Conemaugh Flood.*

ROOM for another savior ! On the scroll
 Recording those who died for human kind
 A woman's name goes next. Her royal soul
 Went up through crazy waters and mad wind.

 Write it in lines of light, "She died for men !"
 She could not be disloyal to her trust :
 She would not leave her wires—most needed then
 To warn and save. Oh, woman true and just !

 When through the city doomed a horseman dashed
 Shouting, "The dam ! the dam is broken ! Flee !"
 And with mad speed the on-coming waters crashed,
 She kept her place : "Warned must the valley be."

Tell it with joy, oh, woman ! and resolve
To be more noble, for the sake of one
Who woman's grand equality has solved,
And adoration, high and holy, won.

When all the towns were warned the little hand
Ceased its last work to save. The precious head—
God circle it with lilies in Heaven's land—
Swept down the river with the drowned dead.

LUCILE OF PARADISE.

A BUNCH of roses, pink and white,
Below her glistening throat,
Fastened the loose folds of her robe,
Which all ways seemed to float.
A silvery harp was in her hand,
Which gave no music note.

But traced upon the slender frame,
In lucent flowery dyes,
I saw the fair young angel's name,
"Lucile of Paradise."

A thousand tender mysteries
Seemed sleeping in her eyes.

Dim shadows of strange days since death,
Trembling with sweet surprise ;
How strange at first Heaven's mysteries
Swept past her timid eyes ;
And when Saints paused to speak to her
She could not make replies.

It cost her something just to tell
The holy ones her name,
And how some woe, or weal, befel,
Which was the why she came.
She hoped she tried to love Christ well,
And should not meet God's blame.

She ventured in a mournful way ;
It was too soon for her
To leave the fair earth and her home,
Where all who loved her were ;
She was unschooled, and who would be
Wisdom's interpreter ?

Her music was but just begun,
She could not sing well yet ;
All things which she had tried to learn
Were thick with errors set ;
She hoped in meeding charity
The Saints would not forget.

And then the angels 'round about,
Came near, like loving friends,
Explaining how, in Heaven's bright lands,
Our study never ends,
But nearer unto perfectness
Each year the spirit tends.

And she should learn all God's great truths,
All beauteous things, and sweet,
Until her life was rich and strong,
And spendidly complete.
She would walk heart to heart with gods,
Not kneel about their feet.

So it was after many years
Of holy life on high,
That meltingly, as in fair dreams,
I saw her in the sky.
Oh ! waits there such a blessed fate
For all who early die ?

THE COUSINS.

FOUR little maidens in dainty short dresses,
Hair ribbons flying from long braided tresses
Dimpled hands clasped in affectionate presses,
Minnie, and Aggie, and Corda, and Ettie.
Sweet little girls ! with their sun-bonnets airy
Shading their faces so roguish and fairy,
Eight little eyes twinkled never so starry,
Four little cousins were never so pretty.

Over the moss-banks and down in the hollows,
Tramping the meadow grass, skipping the fallows,
Coaxing the robins and counting the swallows,
That was the way that their days chased each other.
When in the summer, with lunch-basket swinging,
Down to the school-house we watched them go singing,
“ Oh, may the future be tardy in bringing
Grief to their hearts,” said my tender-voiced mother.

Time, the world's master, kept thinning and grouping,
Here sang the thrushes, there ravens were swooping,
Here walked an angel, there men played at duping,
Close by the path where the cousins were walking.

Minnie, the one with the purple black tresses,
Lent her white hand to deceiving caresses,
And, breaking the threads of life's delicate meshes,
Mute sorrow hushed early her laughing and talking.

Aggie, a lush blossom just in the blushing,
Grew, oh, how pallid ! where soft pink was blushing,
And fell in the tempest winds wailing and rushing,
And blowing the snows in her face so exquisite.
Two of the cousins talk sadly and lowly
Of Minnie and Aggie, the angels so holy,
Who many a time, as the years vanish slowly,
Sweep down through the azure to bless with a visit.

Corda, as tall as the holly-hocks early,
Corda, with brown eyes and forehead so pearly,
Corda, whose rosy lips pouted demurely
Came to be "somebody's darling" just lately.
Yet on her dark hair the wreath has not faded,
Yet runs life's path along, flower-edged and graded ;
Nothing but sunbeams with blossoms inbraided,
Chain you, sweet madame, so tender and stately.

Fate, I implore you deal liberal chances
To Etta, a jewel for Spanish romances,
With long silken lashes and half-frightened glances,
Who wanders alone in a garden of roses.
Four little cousins ! with sweet recollection
I dream of your childhood and tender affection,
And ward off the arrows of grief and dejection
In thoughts of reunion beyond tearful closes.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

TWO PICTURES.

I.

ONE beautiful day in spring time,
A youth sought the ocean side,
And crossed, on an out-bound vessel,
The waters vast and wide.
The pleasant home of his childhood
He bade with a tear good-bye,
But said, as he kissed each weeper,
“ I'll come again bye and bye ! ”

But when, after months of travel,
And longing to see them all,
He came with his store of knowledge,
Back to the dear old hall,
The inmates were sore affrighted,
And trembled about the place ;
Remembering not his promise,
They shut the door in his face !

II.

One eve as a sweet June twilight
Was dying out of the West,
A pale-faced girl on her pillow,
Lay, sinking to dreamless rest.
The angels were waiting to bear her
To their mansions white and high,
But she said as she kissed her dear ones,
“ I'll come again bye and bye ! ”

And when from her home in Heaven,
Longing to see them all,

She came with her deep affection
Back to the dear old hall ;
Her kindred were sore affrighted,
And, pallid, fled back apace ;
Remembering not her promise
They shut the door in her face !

You would censure the cruel parents
Who would not welcome a son,
For fear, when he turned him homeward
After his journey was done ;
But you say no word of wonder
When, with hearts as cold as stones,
They bar the doors of communion
To their dear immortal ones.

**NEVER TROUBLE UNTIL TROUBLE
TROUBLES YOU.**

Rev. Dr. Hale says that some people wear three kinds of trouble—all they have had, all they have, and all they expect to have.

IF instead of wearing trouble we could wear three kinds of joy :
All we have had, all we now have, and the all we hope to gain,

We should suit our own selves better, and not other folks annoy
With the croak of coming evil and the prophecy of pain.

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through :
Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

his particular prescription is a certain way to keep
Youthful sweetness in your voices, and the jarring, cracked
tones out :

'Tis a sedative which always yields you most refreshing sleep
And a life-prolonging medicine without the slightest doubt.

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through :
Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

It will keep your eyes a-flitter with a wholesome love of life,
And tone up a fellow-feeling for humanity at large :
Tis a conquering attraction if you're hunting for a wife,
And a "taking" decoration one may wear quite free of
charge.

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through :
Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

The ones who follow out this rule walk as if set on springs,
The corners of their rosy mouths shape into smiling curves ;
You think whene'er you see them of a thousand pleasant things
And not about misanthropes who are plagued with kinked-
up-nerves.

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through.
Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

Have you never seen aged people who were reaching out ahead
After blindness, deafness, cancers and the poor-house o'er
the hill ?

Who could always see calamities enough to strike them dead,
And would shut their eyes on Gladness with a most deter-
mined will ?

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through :
Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

You have often seen pack-peddlers tramping up and down a town—

Now, the borrowers of trouble always make me think of them;
 Busy people hate to see them and dismiss them with a frown,
 And indeed they're less attractive than a burdock on its stem!

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through :
 Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

Keep your heart brimfull of pity for whoever needs the balm,
 But remember Consolation is not fashioned like a crow ;
 That a hopeful angel's singing may dispense a needed calm,
 But a cawing, black-clad croaker never cured a case of woe !

N. B.—This little recipe will take you smoothly through ;
 Smile on and never trouble until Trouble troubles you.

CAMELLIA.

CAMELLIA ! Camellia ! Wherever you are,
 I am glad you are over the marshlands at last,
 And silently lieth a blanket of brown
 Which always will cover your agonized past.
 The warm heart which cried, like a robin half starved,
 For love, as for food, ere it flew from the nest,
 And, famishing, ate what was offered to it,
 Is cold as a gem, and forever at rest.

No more must you stand in the wildness of grief,
 Despairing, defiant, and bolt the world's scorn,
 Back-crushing the curses which raved in your heart
 Like serpents, as though you were Hercules born.

The sensitive nature fell, shattered at last,
And Pride in her folly and strength was beat down ;
The Great World o'er mastered you, poor, erring child,
And buried you up with a sneer and a frown.

I knew your warm heart for one morning in spring
A birdling of mine fluttered into its sun ;
Twas a beautiful bird, with Heaven's gold on its wing,
And purer and brighter than it there were none.
I cried in alarm, "O ! come back, pretty bird !
The raven will shadow ! the vulture destroy !"
But it carolled and sang as if nothing it feared,
And sat in your heart in the fullness of joy.

Then I said, "It may stay, for my bird knoweth best ;
It sits 'mong the balm-breathing zephyrs of love ;
And if poisonous blossoms grow rank in the breast
They will never be plucked by the beak of my dove."
And there it abode, 'till one mid-winter day
It died !—oh, it died without warning or moan ;
Then you bent down to weep and you looked up to pray,
But the bird had departed to countries unknown.

You missed it, my birdling ! How daintily sweet
You framed your expressions of mourning and grief ;
What long miles you walked on your world-weary feet
To lay on its grave Spring's first blossom and leaf !
You never forgot, 'mid your sin and your wrongs,
The silver-voiced darling which lived in your breast,
Nor its beautiful life, nor its beautiful songs,
Nor its beautiful home where it called you to rest.

You fed upon poison, and thought it was bread
 Which would nourish and strengthen, but lo! it was not;
 Wan Ruin stole up, with a veil o'er her head,
 And a rose in her hand ; but you guessed her, I wot !
 You guessed her, and shivered your life in her face,—
 With courage and boldness you dashed it aside !
 But somewhere for you God had welcome and place,
 And I, who so love you, am glad that you died.

GIORDANO BRUNO.

Giordano Bruno was burned alive by order of the *Holy Inquisition*, for obstinate heresy, on the 17th of February, 1600, in the Campo de Fiori (Field of Flowers), at Rome. On the 9th of June, 1889, the Liberals of the civilized world united in erecting his statue, in noble form, over the place of his execution, amid the unbounded enthusiasm of some 30,000 spectators, the joy of every lover of liberty on the planet, and the dismay of its enemies.

POSTHUMOUS Justice ! We have lived to see
 How unforgetting thou canst sometimes be ;
 How strangely patient thou canst Wrong confront
 And bring thy worthy heroes to the front,
 Wrenching their names from time-beclouding fate
 To share the glory of the truly great.

Rome had a dark transaction years ago
 (Almost three hundred—less ten years or so),
 When, in her Field of Flowers, by orders dire,
 Great Giordano Bruno died by fire ;
 The “ Holy Inquisition ” did decree,
 For heresy he burned alive should be.

What heresies? *The infinity of space ;*
More worlds than this, which is our dwelling-place ;
The earth's rotation, to its orbit true.
These were his heresies—old truths to you !
His rankest heresy was nothing worse
Than this : “ *Our earth is not the universe !* ”

Christians ! In cool, premeditating mood
You murdered one who longed to do you good !
Creed-mad tormentors ! Though you tore his tongue
With pincers, still to spotless Truth he clung.
Clad in her valor, when he went to die
He met his fate without a moan or cry.

You dreamed that fire and death had ended all ;
That Bruno slept beneath oblivion's pall !
You even dared his cruel fate deny,
And crown your hatred with a coward lie
As dark years veiled it ! But, alack, in vain !
The ages have writ out the record plain !

Shout ! Rome held festival this year, in June,
When flowers were bountiful and birds in tune.
The nineteenth century awoke at last
To honor Bruno, martyr of the past !
In Campo de Fiori, where he burned,
Lo ! a grand monument his greatness earned !

Built by men of thought, of many lands,
A fine rebuke to bigotry it stands !
His noble likeness towering grand and high,
With eyes uplifted toward the infinite sky ;
A silent preacher, standing there to say
How surely wrong and darkness flee away.

And Rome was full of souls athrob with light—
Full thirty thousand, rapturous with delight ;
One hundred bands of music centered there,
And nineteen hundred banners kissed the air ;
Italy's king among the throng appeared,
Saw Bruno's monument, admired and cheered !

O grand and righteous triumph ! Come at last !
The age and wisdom Bruno's mind forecast
Are with us ! But the Pope—ah ! where was he ?
Locked in his palace's grim security !
And not a priest was seen that day in Rome ;
Shame-hidden, they bemoaned such day had come !

HER GRAVE.

O H, I can bear to think of it when summer's warmth is glowing
In melting clouds, and shining dews, and tender floods
of grief ;

When the violets are living, and the fragrant clover blowing,
And not a tree is there alive but is in perfect leaf.

I know that, though I sit and weep as mournful as a shadow,
The hand of Grief upon my heart, her anguish in my eye,
The robins are rejoicing and the larks sing in the meadow,
And the air is full of music in the churchyard where you lie.

I half forget that you are dead, our pretty, blue-eyed darling,
With an oleander blossom resting on each rounded cheek ;
And, your red mouth sweet and mobile, and your voice a sing-
ing starling,
And your soul a very angel, looking through your eyes so
meek.

I can think of it in summer, but this winter night 'tis snowing,
And all the life of nature like your young blood is congealed;
How wearily, how drearily the moaning winds are blowing!
Your grave is just a snow drift heaped upon a barren field.

MY LIGHT IN THE WEST.

STRANGE what a vastly vacant feeling
Haunts my heart for a little thing!
Sad as if in a grove in summer
Every song bird should cease to sing;
Under our roof tree, since the May-time,
Twitter and coo, and chirp I'd heard,
When suddenly, off in the chill November,
Vanished the young, with the mother-bird.

Was it a bird in the roof-tree cooing?
No, but a baby fresh and sweet
From her puffy fists, with their finger dimples,
Down to the velvet pink of her feet!
Kissing her seemed like kissing flower-lips
Cool and silken, one fears to blight,
But cannot leave in their unsoiled beauty
While they bloom in our hungry sight.

How we laugh at the little nothings
Born of the efforts the wee things make;
They pick at an eyeball, only winning
A nose, they have rosied up to an ache!

Plucking hairs from our heads by dozens,
Tearing our ear-rings almost through ;
Pulling laces, and crushing ribbons—
Well, what else can the dear things do ?

It is bubble, bubble, toil and trouble ;
Life is crested with foolish strife ;
Baby is practicing little lessons—
Strengthening up for the work of life !
Let her pull at the "flock of teethies"
Back of their curtain of laughing lips ;
Let her learn that the things we covet
Often slip through our finger-tips,

Just as the birdling, which in summer
Cooed and laughed in our roof-tree boughs,
Flew away when we longed to keep her
Making music about the house !
Tearful eyes watched her white robes flutter,
Bright with the misty gold of her crest,
Until they faded on lake and prairie
Off in the boundless, beautiful West.

Now when the days don their evening dresses,
Scarlet or gold be their drapery,
I can always see in the land they are walking
Something more bright and dear to me ;
'Tis the tender face of the blue-eyed baby,
Lighting the sky in the glowing West,
And her guardian angel sweeping earthward,
Coming to watch above her rest.

BONNIBEL MADALINE.

BONNIBEL Madaline leaned from her balcony,

Fresh as a young rose unhooded a day,
Watching the Night in her slippers of silver
Walk on the waves of the murmuring bay.
Nigh o'er the Earth in her robings of majesty
Sailed the white moon, like the Lady of Peace.
Never in ecstasy, never in passion.

Beautiful always, and always at ease.
"Lady of Purity, Lady of Peace,"
Sang little Madaline, "would I were calm as thou !
Why do the creeping waves, crystal and bright,
Send the red blood blooming up to my brow ?"

Never an answer came down to the questioner,
Never a smile lit the sweet face of pearl.
She was so white, and so still, and so passionless,
What could she know of the heart of a girl ?
Still and alone was the Lady of Purity
When to the beautiful waters she came ;
Bonnibel Madaline came when her lover's voice
Lowly and fervently uttered her name.
"Lady of Purity, Lady of Peace,"
Sang little Madaline, "would I were calm as thou !
Why do the creeping waves, crystal and bright,
Send the red blood blooming up to my brow ?"

Out on the bay were two faces most beautiful :
One was the Lady of Peace from the sky ;
One was the face of the Bonnibel Madaline,
Come to its love from the balcony high.

Up to the face of the Knight of Lochraven—
Never so high as the face of the moon—
Looked little Madaline, dreamily sailing,
Out on the bay in the twilight of June.
“Lady of Purity, Lady of Peace,”
Sang little Madaline, “would I were calm as thou !
Why do the creeping waves, crystal and bright,
Send the red blood blooming up to my brow ?”
“Bonnie Madaline, why should you ask of her ?
Never a questioner breaketh her peace !
Ask it of me,” said the Knight of Lochraven,
“Let the white priestess sail on at her ease !”
Into her eyes crept a shimmer of shyness,
Winning him down to her brow with a kiss
Made of a bud that was joy, and a blossom
Flaky and full from the rose tree of bliss.
“Lady of Purity, Lady of Peace,”
Sang little Madaline, “would I were calm as thou !
'Tis not the creeping waves, crystal and bright,
Send the red blood blooming up to my brow !”

THE CITY OF SORROW.

YOU know, I've no doubt, 'tis a populous place—
Perhaps you have been there and stopped for a day—
You noticed the folks all have tears on the face,
And are longing, but vainly, to journey away.
The dwellings are varied as other towns are ;
Some grand and inviting, some muddy and mean ;
But over them all the black cross of despair,
An omen of sorrow is constantly seen.

One night I was shut from my palace of light ;
Its lord and my lover discarded me quite ;
I cried at the door, but the lock would not move,
So I turned me away to the darkness and night,
And while I was weeping and wringing my hands,
So wretched my soul, and so bleeding my heart,
And hurrying on o'er the shadow-hung lands,
I stopped in amaze at a populous mart.

Its name was the City of Sorrow : a shade
Fell over my soul as I passed through the gate,
Where ever and ever the long shadows played,
And angels stood sentinel, early and late,
How many veiled faces there were in the streets !
How many sad eyes, and how many white lips !
Oh, lives of vain efforts and bitter defeats !
Will they never wheel out from their total eclipse ?

I am lost ! I cried out as an old man went by.
I am lost, but I can not stay here with you all,
Where the sun walks a mourner by day through the sky,
And the moon hangs at night like a bell on a pall.
I can not stay here ! Oh, direct me away
From this populous city ! I pity you so,
For I know you must dream of the sweetness of May,
And long for the lark song and rivulet's flow.

“Direct you ? I can not, my child ; I am lost,
And have hunted in vain for a road leading out.
I bought in this town at exorbitant cost,
And here I must die, I've no reason to doubt.
Greed, conscienceless, hungry and lank as a wolf,
Had a lair in my heart, and grew into such size.

I found myself bloodless, unfeeling, unloved,
A prowling flesh eater in costly disguise.

A woman in black, with three children came by,
And bowing, she said, "I am here earning bread.
I never can breathe easy under this sky,
But my children must live though their father be dead.
The strong man who traveled life's highway with me,
And cared for my children—a husband in truth—
Came not when our armies triumphant and free
Returned from their labor so blackened by ruth."

But she were not wise, nor yet loving, who weeps,
In mournful inaction whatever ills come ;
But who, from mad anguish to brave action leaps
For love of the living, whoe'er lieth dumb.
So, aiming to be truly worthful and great,
I turn from all helpers who fail howsoe'er,
Sufficient in hours of need unto myself,
And unto my children as helpless as dear.

I passed by a palace all blazing with light,
Wherein with a reckless profusion were flung
Fresh types of rare beauty, while men in delight
Showered flattery's honey with dissolute tongue.
How brilliant, how glad ! Why are thy dwellings here
In the City of Sorrow, so gorgeously clad ?
Those flashing young eyes would not harbor a tear ;
Those beautiful bosoms can never be sad.

But silent and wan from the shadowy hall
I saw them steal, out in the blaze of the day,

With white lips, and eyes which would almost appall
The ones who had drunken their brightness away,
Their partners at night were cold strangers by day,
Denying a smile or a nod of the head.
O bleeding hearts, dead are life's roses your way,
And 'twere almost as well if, like them, you were dead.

A hollow-voiced maniac, thin as a ghost,
Wailed down the cold pavement with sanguine stained feet
And cried, "I am searching for God, the great host,
Who wrapped my two babes in hell's flames like a sheet.
He singed their gold ringlets ! and burnt their blue eyes !
He blacked their white faces with sulphurous smoke !
Hark ! hear their poor voices in screams rend the skies—
Have you seen God about in a star-spangled cloak ?

"I wanted to tell Him—flint-hearted in rule !
'Twas my fault, not theirs, that they were not baptized,
And ask Him to let them come down here and cool—
He ought to be kinder and better advised !"
White angels, if ever the chimes of your feet
Sound through the sad City of Sorrow, I pray
This victim of barbarous creeds you may meet,
And tenderly lead him from anguish away.

O, Mystical City ! The paths are obscure
Which lead our poor souls through thy gates into woe,
Strewn sometimes with blossoms so sweet and so pure,
We dream it is near unto Eden, they blow :
But suddenly looms on our wondering sight
The City of Sorrow, as old as time's years—
And in from the world which was cheery and light
We pass with our burdens, our crosses and tears.

A PATCH OF WHITE VIOLETS.

HERE in the door-yard, prim and old,
A patch of wild white violets grow,
Brought hither years and years ago,
By one no mortal may behold ;

Because the maiden only stayed
A morning hour upon the Earth,
Planted a rose tree, joined our mirth,
And hearing God call, quick obeyed,

Not breaking all companionship
With mortals when she passed from sight
To dwell in Heaven's more perfect light.
O ! dearest creed of heart and lip !

The one small rootlet from the wood
Has flourished 'till a thousand blooms
Rise, spotless, from the earthy glooms,
A multitudinous sisterhood.

I rhyme not these sweet flowers because
I would parade a memory ;
But by some inner sense I see
An angel, and would know the laws

By which we reach and take the boon
Of angel kinship when we yearn ;
I would know whitherward to turn
To grasp the pleasure sure and soon.

O ! fathomless immensity
Of law in which existence is !

Who compasses the mysteries
Of love's law-chained intensity ?

Doubting its sweet continuance
Beyond this changeful land of tears
Into Heaven's glory-lighted years,
Life seems a mocking shadow-dance.

We feel that grand realities
Lie higher than our mortal ken.
Oh ! for the glorious golden *When*
They melt from idealities ;

When thought may go, direct and sure,
Claiming the kinship God decreed,
By similarity of need,
Cured of this blindness we endure.

How grandly patient we could be
If we could know, past fear or doubt,
That Justice will be brought about
Sometime in God's eternity.

That lives cut off, or blighted here
Will somewhere reach their full intent ;
That Heavenward hopes are not missent ;
Oh ! it were peace to know it clear.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust !
I lay the violets on her grave,
O'er which the tangled grasses wave,
And only know, " In God I trust."

MASKED ROBBERS.

I CANNOT find myself. I wonder where
In life's wild journey I have been diffused ;
At no one moment was I overpowered ;
I know not what masked thief should be accused.

The woman whom I used to call myself
Was full of hope, and faced the cheering sun ;
She sang of heaven and life's great victories,
But it is long since I have voiced e'en one !

In vanished days she wrought for good, with zeal,
And counted not her hours of weariness ;
Clasped hands with fellow-laborers, and felt
That those who live most nobly live to bless.

But life's highway is crowded thick with thieves ;
One steals your time, another strength, for naught ;
One dins your ears with ceaseless talk, the words
Of which are strangers to ennobling thought.

The most devouring ones are leeches born,
Who fasten mutely on some nobler life,
And sap it, 'till it withers, wan and lorn,
Too weakened and too silent e'en for strife.

Nature is full of parasitic thieves
In all her realms ; but human parasites
Defy the fell destroyer which relieves
The hapless tree, choked by some growth which blights.

The pruner's axe relieves the hampered tree,
And frees it from its speechless enemy.
It is no crime : but poor humanity
Has only locomotion to get free !

Ah, ha ! I see the gang of robbers bold

Which must have followed me mysteriously ;

. Their leader is a lady, Sympathy,

Who bears the chains which bind and tether me.

Behind her comes a motley retinue

Ruled by the imperious tyrant known as Want.

I see their hungry eyes, their clutching hands ;

I feel my poverty, and cry, "Avaunt !"

"I cannot yield you all my precious time !

I cannot give you all my needed strength !

I have this brief existence, hurrying fast,

The sunset comes, the shadows grow in length."

"Selfish and hard of heart !" Want's victims cry.

The aged totter and support implore ;

Wee toddlers grasp my fingers to be led ;

The young desire instructions, tried before.

The lonely cry for company, and take

Your ears to lodge their little sorrows in ;

Lone matrimonial bankrupts beg and moan,

Albeit they stranded on the shoals of sin.

Pretentious graspers after fame's fair flowers

Bestride your shoulders ere you are aware,

And read their rhymes, asking advice and praise,

Though while they read, deliverance is your prayer.

By industry and self-denying strength

You win a little heap of magic gold ;

This you essay to use for high delights

Which, even as baser things, are bought and sold.

You see a lovely garment, jewels, flowers
 And reach to take them. Hark ! a hollow cry
 Comes from a fellow-traveler : " Look this way !
 Canst thou luxuriate while I starve and die ? "

You give your treasure. Self-denying love
 Is not so hard to lavish, as to feel
 You pass by suffering which you might assuage ;
 So trembling Beauty lies 'neath Duty's heel.

And so the years go by. Forevermore
 The hollow tumult sounds from hungry souls ;
 And what avails an opulence of life
 If Wants assail, like never-dying ghouls ?

What comfort can one take when one must feel
 That thousands suffer and the world goes wrong ?
 And yet I hold self-justice first of all,
 And I will break into a triumph song !

At last I find myself. In God's great whole
 No smallest fraction of a life is lost.
 Some one has gained the portion I gave up ;
 It matters not whose life has least, or most.

DELUSION: WHO SHALL DECLARE IT?

WELL, maybe it is delusion
 That the soul lives after death ;
 But, if so, it is far the dearest
 Which the tongue of mortal saith.
 And, since so much of life's pleasure
 Is wrought of unreal things,

I shall always hold to the riches
Which the "dear delusion" brings.

Delusions of earth are mocking
Wherever we mortals go,
And finding so much unreal
Has cost me a deal of woe.
But the dream of life immortal
Will never bring me pain ;
For, when it is proven error,
I shall count not loss nor gain.

I shall never live to know it,
If my darlings are only dust ;
And all which the weakest and wisest
Can do is to hope and trust.
I may reason and doubt, but ever
They seem to speak from the sky ;
Then, it seems but a cold delusion
To dream that a soul can die.

You may shower me with dust and ashes,
You may give me a wreath of rue,
You may dream you have truth and wisdom
And I am less brave than you ;
But, still, I shall never yield it
For a thing you say or do ;
You cannot make it an error,
And I cannot make it true.

We all must wait and wonder
What the change of death will bring ;
Your sketches are skulls and cross-bones,
Which I to the winds would fling,

And picture immortal faces
 Brow-girt with asphodels,
 And hands which are reaching earthward
 Bunches of immortelles.

But neither your wise conclusions,
 Nor mine, with their rainbow wings,
 Can alter one jot or tittle
 The eternal law of things !
 Yet, ah, in the world that this is
 It were all too sad to stay,
 If we could not have our fancies
 Of "The Ever-so-far-away."

INCIDENTS OF LIFE UNDER THE BLUE LAWS.

LET me paint you a bit of the past in rhymes—
 A tale which my grandfather's father told
 Of the days when the Blue Laws blackened the times,
 And men to interpret God's will made bold.

You remember the logic the settlers used,
 Convincing themselves that their right was best,
 When the Indian Sachem with pride refused
 To yield his lands, and be dispossessed

By strangers, who asked for New Haven land ?
 They voted themselves to be *Children of God* !
 And so, they reasoned, God must have planned
His lands His children's, wherever they trod !

However, they wished for the title clear,
And a Judas found, who betrayed his chief ;
They bribed him with presents, and Jesus dear,
That the Sachem's life be exceeding brief !

And it came to pass. Too their hearts were stone
When the case of old Deacon Potter was tried,
Whose heart was so large he could turn away none—
Priest, Adamite, Quaker, nor others beside.

He was cursed with a faithless youthful wife,
Who desired, it is said, that a husband young
She might wed. So she bartered the old man's life
By the basest tricks of her treacherous tongue.

She made complaint that his love was less
For her than his heifer and trusty horse—
Which I hope was true. And I shrewdly guess
That the good man sickened of one so coarse.

She told how he hungry Quakers fed—
And that was breaking the old Blue Laws !
Thus the baleful creature who wished him dead
Had at length presented an ample cause !

He was killed, and his dumb friends, too, 'tis said,
One grave receiving the three. Again
Was the law appeased ! A philanthropist dead !
While history took on its page a stain !

And now for the story I started to tell :
A captain, whose name I will call Ben Brown,
Set sail for the Indies. Bad luck befel,
And they mourned him as dead in his native town.

Three years went by and no tidings came
Of the ship or crew. But his loving wife
And his unseen son, whom she gave his name,
Still watched the sea both in calm and strife.

The good wife felt by that mystic faith
Which reveals a truth without word or sign
That her husband lived, not as ghost or wraith,
But was coming home o'er the tossing brine.

One Sabbath day in the month of May,
On the sunlit sea, lo, a ship appeared.
She came with speed o'er the watery way
And into her wonted harbor steered.

With joyous hopes to the landing place
Sped the lonely wife, with her rosy boy,
Unnumbered fears in her wistful face
That a word might her precious hope destroy.

If her captain came in his tardy craft,
Or was dead, and left to the hungry sea
She feared to guess. But the baby laughed,
And his golden curls shook merrily.

Her hopes were true and her fears were not,
For there came her husband in quest of her!
Would he find her safe in their neat white cot
And the child he had dreamed of and dared hope there?

The wanderer clasped to his hungry heart
His sweet young wife with a wordless joy.
And here, she said, with a tender art,
For a father's kiss waits our little boy!"

O fairer than aught in his brightest dream
Of this hoped for joy was the lisping child ;
He caught him up with a bliss supreme
And covered his face with his kisses wild.

The crew rejoiced in the new delight
Of their captain brave. Every sailor's heart,
Felt as proud of the captain's little wight
As if he had owned in the child a part.

But a sharp-nosed bigot took note of the crimes
Which were done on that flowery morn in May ;
The Godless captain a score of times
Had *kissed his child on the Sabbath-day.*

The law—the law had been set at naught,
And a penalty was the law's command !
Early Monday morn was the Captain sought
With a wordy warrant flush in hand.

“For kissing his child on the Sabbath day
Ben Brown to the whipping post shall go
For a flogging of fifty lashes. Pray
By this thou be warned 'gainst eternal woe.”

With stoic valor the Captain went ;
He took the whipping with sturdy pluck ;
Thereafter no frown on his foes he bent
But waited for time and a change of luck.

At length he made ready to sail again ;
His crew was chosen, but ere he went
He wished to banquet some gentlemen,
And invitations in good style sent.

Among his guests were the enemies

Who had caused the law to be put in force ;

Who thought they were God's chief agencies

To prod mankind to a Godly course.

The guests sat down, and they ate and drank

With a relish keen of the royl cheer.

They said ; " We have God and Ben Brown to thank,

And we feel indeed it is good to be here ! "

Ere the Captain rose from the finished feast

Plump-faced, and full to the very chin,

The talking, and laughing, and drinking ceased

As the sturdy crew of the ship walked in.

Their boatswain carried a coil of rope,

And a dozen whips which were made to last ;

Each tar laid hold of a bigot mope

And tied him fast to the big main mast.

Their leader spoke : " Ere this ship sets sail

We owe a debt we desire to pay :

'Tis the whipping you dealt to our Captain hale

When he landed here on the first of May.

" We are honest tars, and would scorn to cheat

By a single lash—blow for blow we pay.

Lay on ! lay on ! and the blows repeat !

We will owe no man as we sail away ! "

When the debt was paid they were put ashore,

And went limping home, howling curse and groan ;

But when Captain Brown came to port once more

He could kiss his child and be left alone.

THE ROSES.

HA, ha, ha ! laugh out the Roses
In the sunny garden places,
Ha, ha, ha ! my soul makes answer,
I am glad to see your faces !
Then I catch a breath of fragrance,
And the bright heads bow and flutter
Pink and crimson, white and yellow,
As if knowing all I utter.

Sweet, oh sweet ! I cannot wonder
That all gazers pause before you,
And the winds kiss off your fragrance
While the summer birds adore you !
Always at your best—no drooping
With the weight of cumbrous duty ;
All the toil the Master gives you
Is to clothe yourselves with beauty.

You are beings of the present,
Drinking all bright things about you,
Yet, heaven's lilies would be lonesome
Through eternity without you.
And we feel intensely certain
Rose buds wreath the fair child angels,
Opening to perfect fullness

On the robes of Love's evangels.
I would almost be as you are,
Beautiful, unthinking roses ;
Yielding life as fragrant incense
Ere yet cometh the year closes ;

All my yesterdays forgetting !
Not into the future reaching
For the Over Soul to lead me,
By a subtle, voiceless preaching.

But the same Great God who made you
Only miracles of beauty,
Fashioned me for strong endeavor
On the battle march of duty ;
So I wish you perfect blooming
Through the sweetest of June weather,
Knowing human dust and rose-dust
Soon will be low-lain together.

GOD GRANT ME THIS.

IN that hushed hour when o'er my lifeless clay
The waiting angels whisper, "It is done,"
And lead me towards the gates of endless day,
Of all my prayers I pray God grant this one :

That I may go so far, Earth's bitter blame
Will fade in silence ere it comes to me,
And no sharp twangings sound about my name,
Tearing my soul with inward agony.

Give me a place wherein I may forget
The cruelties which broke from careless lips,
And bloodless murders, deep in cold eyes set—
All things which torture more than stinging whips.

There in the stillness let me shut my eyes
And sleep until pain's memories die away ;

Forgetting how lips shape to utter sighs,
And all the moans which human hearts must say.

When I awaken, with my face made light,
And soul unbent from accidents of pain,
Refreshed in life, white souled and clear of sight,
Give love's lost treasures all to me again !

In that sweet time the roses of delight
Will never mangle with secreted thorns,
But love will be so passionless and white
It will not fruit in jealousies and scorns.

What bitter lessons one must learn to say
With stony eyes, and steady patient mouth !
Smile through the heart of many a fiery day,
And dream of well-springs in a land of drouth.

In the grand Sometime when this struggling life
Has rounded to fair fullness we shall know
Love is of God, and not with discord rife,
Making all souls aspire, endeavor, grow.

THE LIKE OF YOU, MOTHER.

TEEMING is the world with people,
Myriad noble ones no doubt,
But my soul is cloaked and hooded
And I find not many out ;
Rarely find we those about us
Like the vanished trusty few,
So I sigh, alas, too often
Mother, for the like of you.

Oft the tender heart you gave me
Such a burden grows to me
That I almost would exchange it
For the stoniest heart there be ;
One which never plead for justice,
Nor a touch of pity knew,
For so many, oh, my mother,
Are unlike the like of you.

In the life which cometh after
This, I shall so happy be,
I shall never think to censure
Aught which now may torture me.
Buried with the years the conflicts
I have valiantly been through,
I shall have my day of resting
Mother, with the like of you.

TAKE NOBODY'S DUST.

CHAFING souls of this restless age,
Booked for the race on the opening page ;
You who wonder and hope and trust,
Out of the way, "Take nobody's dust !"

Broad the track, the steeds are fleet,
Trained and tried for a lengthy heat ;
Hold them not till the axles rust—
Out of the way, "Take nobody's dust !"

Fly away, for the starry goal
Holds no prize for the distanced soul.

You with hands in your pockets thrust,
Out of the way, "Take nobody's dust!"

You who tell what the dead word'saith,
Up, and pledge for a living faith;
Loose your souls from their fossil crust,
And hang not back in the clouds of dust!

See afar, how the goddess, Truth,
Wreathed in the blooms of an endless youth,
Cheers so sweet that you boot distrust,
And clear the track and the choking dust!

Pressing hotly is not a crime,
Since we have learned we are all on time;
Hurry and take the lead we must
Or lag behind in the leader's dust!

A STORY OF 1810.

This story was related to the author by Moriah Monroe Tuttle, who is still living, and vouches for its correctness. The incidents occurred in a town adjoining her old home in New Hampshire when she was ten years of age.

I N the morn of this eighteenth century
Things didn't go on as they do to-day,
In a happy-go-lucky sort of way;
Especially Sunday matters, they say,
Were ruled with an iron mastery.

They had not noted, as we have now,
What a Sunday worker the Lord God is;

How He wheels the planets, and grows supplies,
And stops not a single branch of "biz,"
E'en to furnishing Sunday milk from the cow.

A law was made by those grim old chaps
That no one should travel on Sabbath day
To any distance, in any way ;
If he did he a Sunday fine should pay—
E'en if death or funerals were mishaps.

If a man died Sunday, I rather guess
They'd have halted his soul 'till Monday morn,
And halted Death's angel all forlorn,
Fined him and taken away his horn,
Making a terribly jangled mess.

In old New Hampshire, in Cornish town,
An inn was kept by a man named Chase,
Appointed to fine collector's place.
One Sunday morning he had a case
Which won this place to a rhyme renown.

A stanch Vermonter received the news
His mother was dying and longed for him ;
He left in the Saturday's twilight dim,
And Sunday morning through forest grim
He rode, all damp with the chill night dews.

He neared the tavern, and Chase sprang out ;
He seized his horse by the bit, and said,
"A curse and a fine be on your head !"
"Good stranger, my mother is almost dead ;
I go to comfort her. Turn about."

"I turn about that a sinner pass?
Ignore my office? Not heed the laws?
Your mother's illness is scanty cause
Why a Sunday law-breaker should not pause.
Dismount! Let your beast take a bite of grass."

"Comply with a dying Christian's wish,
And let me speed to my mother dear;
A holy thing is a mother's tear!
I shall see her cold and dead, I fear,
If I wait." But the tithe-man answered, "Pish!"

When, after waiting, he reached the cot,
"Is mother alive yet?" quick he said.
"Alack! she is only an hour since dead!
She moaned, and the holy tears she shed
Were because the son of her love came not."

As, crushed with sorrow, he homeward went,
Enwrapped in a great grief's sombre pall,
Slowly his sorrow was turned to gall,
And he schemed and planned how a soul so small
Could be meted a wholesome punishment.

At last he had it! He hatched a yarn,
How a ship went off to an island far,
Where millions of rats and mice there are,
And, having a cat aboard, a tar
Put her off, as he would at a pestered barn,
To hunt the vermin. Such havoc she
Right speedily made with the mice and rats,
The islanders cried, "Bring a *load* of cats!
We will give you fruitage, and palms for hats,
The happiest islanders in the sea!"

To the stony bigot he made his way ;
 “ Dear sir, I am hunting a partner true
 For a speculation I have in view ;
 It is something *so good* and *entirely new*,
I am sure it will yield me enormous pay ;

“ I’ve an order to load up a ship with cats !
 I am hunting an agent to buy them in,
 And anxious that he shall to-morrow begin ;
 About the color I don’t care a pin ;
They go to an island alive with rats ! ”

“ I’ll be your partner, and I’ll begin
 To-morrow morning. ” “ Will you agree
 To use your hall as a store-room free ?
 To feed and water them faithfully ?
A shilling piece should buy them in.

“ And another important thing will be
 To exercise them about the hall.
 Can you stand the scratching and caterwaul ?
 They must learn to drive, and to mind your call,
To be handled with any certainty.

“ Go in with your horsewhip once a day,
 And drive them briskly from end to end !
 Don’t mention this business to foe or friend,
 But get them ready for us to send
To the island, and we will divide the pay. ”

Next morning the deacon bestrode his mare,
 And started off to contract his cats,
 To go to the island o’errun with rats.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

The neighbors snickered behind their hats,
And said of his brains, "*they are not all there.*"

However, they bargained, and took their pay ;
"By Saturday night they must all be in,"
The deacon said, with a knowing grin,
"For *I* don't want to commit no sin
A makin' 'em travel on Sabbath day !"

The sly old fellow stayed home from church
To give the felines an extra drill.
When the house was vacant, and things all still,
He walked in on them with mighty will,
And a long, slim whip of the silver birch.

He opened the drill, but the cats rebelled ;
They entered a protest with teeth and nails ;
They bowed their backs and bristled their tails,
They set up the most unaccountable wails
That a hundred cats-skins ever held !

Disfigured and bleeding, and wild with fright,
The deacon shouted for earthly help ;
The cats broke out with a yowl, spit, yelp,
And he cursed loudly "that Yankee whelp,
Who ought to be shot in his tracks that night !"

The trick was heralded far and near,
How the keen Vermonter had punished Chase ;
But the scratches healed on the deacon's face,
And his soul got back to its former grace,
Though of cats he had ever a mighty fear.

This queer transaction the folly showed
 Of "Sunday-stopping." The goers went !
 No nosey tithe-man his breath misspent
 To turn the traveler from his bent
 Who peacefully traversed the public road.

AUTUMN RAIN.

DRIP, drip, drip !
 How sullen the autumn rain !
 Drip, drip, drip,
 Like tears from the eyes of Pain.
 Oh, not with the promise of new buds growing,
 And not with the murmur of limp streams flowing,
 Like bands of sapphire in sunshine glowing,
 But declarations for early snowing.
 Drip, drip, drip !
 Drip, drip, drip !
 The raindrops strike my heart.
 Drip, drip, drip !
 They play, with wondrous art,
 Such low refrains for the sweet dead roses,
 And wailing strains for the woodland posies.
 Oh, times of blooming with such sad closes !
 Well, thus end *our* sunbursts and reposes.
 Drip, drip, drip !
 Drip, drip, drip !
 Who is there likes such nights ?
 Drip, drip, drip !
 Black hangings o'er God's lights.
 Drip, drip, drip !

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

I look in vain where the stars were shining,
 I hunt for clouds which show silver lining,
 And see but crape-bands looping and twining,
 As if some mourner did sky designing.

Drip, drip, drip !

Drip, drip, drip !

Down on the landscape sere !

Drip, drip, drip !

Over us mortals here !

On we plod through the slosh and raining,
 All the mud we must bear disdaining,
 Bidding our feet move quick and willing,
 Though days are rainy and dark and chilling.

Drip, drip, drip !

THE BRIGHT HOME FAR AWAY.

TO ALBION.

I OFTEN dream of the dear old home,
 And the blessed joys we knew ;
 Where the grass sprang soft, and the flowers bloomed bright,
 And Night dropped her purest dew ;
 Where the Nectrines grew, and the Oxhearts glowed
 In fruitage fine to see ;
 And the giant Chestnut scattered its fruit
 For sister, and you, and me.

How long it seems, as my eyes turn back,
 Scanning the memoried years,

Which have been to me like a fragrant wreath
Sprinkled with burning tears—
A blossoming wreath I have loved to wear,
And I love to think of now,
Though the flowers have paled and the circlet dropped
To ashes upon my brow.

'Twere an oft-told tale, if I should speak
Of the bitter grief which fell
On hearts which quivered, but would not break—
Ah, I remember it well !
It brings the tears—I had rather smile—
Facing the breaking day :
So let us talk for a little while
Of the bright home far away !

Waiting for us in that hidden home,
Clasped by the daintiest vines,
Which wreathe and bloom 'neath the bending dome,
Gloving their luscious wines ;
Waiting for us where the asphodels
Swing on their slender stems ;
Where, soft as pearls, are the lily-bells
Centered with opal gems ;

Are three pure souls from the dear old home,
Who love and cherish us yet !
Who cheer and beckon us while we roam
In the marshes low and wet.
Fade ! haunting dreams of the vanished times—
Forms that are dead to-day.
Ring ! spirit-fingers, far-sounding chimes,
In the bright home far away.

BENEVOLENT, NOT MALEVOLENT.*TO HON. J. M. PEEBLES.*

A TRULY helpful and high-minded friend,
 Forever pointing to life's sunny side,
 Whereon Truth's sun-rays goldenly descend,
 And angel life with mortal is allied !
 All must grow cheerier for your company
 And scorn to mope morosely on the way,
 While you step briskly onward merrily,
 Your life's October brighter than its May.

Never a needy soul asks aid from you
 But with delight you give him of your best ;
 If that is insufficient, and you know,
 With knightly gallantry you give the rest !
 Words of encouragement you drop for all,
 Smiles and goodwill sow broadcast o'er the earth,
 And for the share which on my life doth fall
 I book this tribute to your honest worth.

BE ANGELS ON EARTH.

WHILE we are singing of lily-crowned angelhood,
 White souled and high in the sweet Bye and Bye,
 Were it not better we earnestly work for good
 As the days pass, and not wait till we die ?

Helpful words, noble deeds, tender and dutiful,
 Falling like light where a heart groweth faint,
 Are in a mortal as holy and beautiful
 As in the disenthralled soul of a saint.

Angels are beings more near to perfection
Than idlers, who sing, dress in clouds, and crowns wear ;
They have risen to glory through stern self-correction
Continued in regions past mortal compare.

Though angels in clay may be poor in the whiteness
Which garments the souls in the city of gold,
True hearts and good deeds kindle gladness and brightness,
And love warmeth lives that are dreary and cold.

BE TRUE TO THE DREAMS OF THY YOUTH.

“ To thine own self be true ;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

I WOULD not find the hour to say,
“ Come, Pleasure, with your roses red,
And, having driven Truth away,
Weave odorous blossoms 'round my head.”
When fair Temptation breathes her balm,
A promise of dream-pictured rest,
Upon a soul which longs for calm
As all souls must in mortal vest,
I say, “ Stand back ! and do not touch
The holy dreams which lit my youth !
Your promise would not mete me much
If made above the corse of Truth ! ”

I cannot for a day forget
How much I longed to live them all,
Nor how I long to live them yet,
Though my achievements are so small !

Right-doing for the love of right
I strive for, not for its reward,
Though that is sweet when crowned with light ;
A healthful conscience sitteth lord.
I long to bear a loving heart
Whose light makes white sin's shade and stain,
And never by one cruel art
Deals to a fellow-being pain.

O, for a fount of stainless loves
Like sun-lit crystals in my breast,
Where Peace sits, wreathed with living doves,
And myrtles in her snowy vest.
Would that the fountain's shining spray
Might sprinkle all my lips express,
And wash whate'er defiles away
That I may only speak to bless !
I would remember when I cry
All selfishly, with streaming eyes,
" God, let the bitter cup pass by ! "
That angels grow through sacrifice.

I long for charity to look
The way earth's vilest sinners run,
And reading each like some soiled book
Deal out vindictive scorn for none.
But reaching out a sister's hand—
If labor-stained or pearly white—
Say, " It is stormy where you stand ;
Come, let us let us find the pleasant light. "
All hearts enshrine some early dreams
They guard from every touch of ruth,

O, throw then love's redeeming beams
Upon the cherished dreams of youth !

If longings, wrought with strength and art,
Return no recompense at all,
Although we labor, sick at heart,
Because the harvest is so small,
Then, Hope, string all thy purest gems
Together on love's shining threads
And fashion modest diadems
To circle sorrow-bended heads ;
And bid them bear their sacred dreams
To Heaven's fair portals undefiled ;
Longing and having, there it seems,
Are not so oft unreconciled.

BEATING THE WIND.

WHEN Hope's warming rose pink has faded away,
And the chill skies above you wear nothing but gray ;
When labor seems futile, and evils menace,
With a quiver of arrows held up in your face,
You have wearied sometimes of your labors assigned,
And bitterly sighed, " I am beating the wind ! "

And so have we all. When the fingers of Time
Play soft on the moments a musical chime,
We wist what will follow : we know a sad toll
Will herald a failure, and sadden a soul,
While the tongues of the moments ring out " You are blind !
You are fighting with shadows, and ' beating the wind ! ' "

The brave politician, with fire on his tongue,
Who has loved right the more, when the vipers have stung—
Like Sumner, and Lincoln, and Garfield—God love them !
Have sometimes seen all the bright stars fade above them,
And marking man's weakness and error combined,
Cried, what are my efforts but "beating the wind?"

When the telescope swept the first time o'er the skies,
And stars erst unknown flashed their silver replies
To the searching Italian, the joy of that hour
Was hunted and hated by bigotry's power ;
He strove, but in vain, to enlighten the blind,
"To a dungeon!" they cried, "'you are beating the wind!'"

Leonidas! You of Thermopylæ's pass!
When the Persians swept o'er you like sands through a glass,
And you fainted at length, in the clutches of death,
Shouting, "Greece! Greece forever!" as history saith.
Did you think the three hundred, in valor combined,
Had fallen for naught, "beating only the wind?"

When Socrates, steady in nerve and in soul,
Drank death in the hemlock he drained from the bowl,
Unmoved, and colossal, and firm as an oak
Which pigmies would girdle, not heeding a stroke;
We mourn over Athens, so cruel and blind,
Who cried, "Inovator! 'you beat but the wind!'"

Dear Christ! when you gave us that holy oblation,
Your life filled with love and with self-abnegation;
When you scattered truth's pearls as the night does her dews,
And were paid by the gashes which dropped the red ooze,
Did your soul ever cry, when so pierced and maligned,
"Oh, pity me, Father! 'I'm beating the wind!'"

die like the foam-bells which flash on a stream ;
hurry like seasons, we live in a dream,
the merciless tongue of the Future will tell
ether life in our hands was used illy or well ;
Right marches on, leaving Error behind,
know that all hands are not " beating the wind ! "

A TALE OF SCANDINAVIA.

On opening an old mine in Norway the body of a young man,
fifty years before, was found in youthful preservation, and recog-
ed by an aged woman as her lover.

O YE changeful years which hover
, Ever o'er the constant lover,
Are ye ever both to cover
From our sight the fairest forms ?
Do ye love bright cheeks' paling ?
Do ye love the crushed heart's wailing,
That our prayers are unavailing
To avert Grief's blinding storms ?

Softly ! let each foot fall lightly !
See ! yon northland moon shines brightly ;
We are treading regions nightly
On the shores of Long Ago,
Through dim years yon stars are gleaming
Through dim years those eyes are beaming,
Bright as love and rosy dreaming
Ever lit with tender glow.

Underneath the bowery arches
Woven by those whispering larches

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

Stepping to Love's mystic marches
Arm in arm two lovers go.
What delicious bliss goes fleeting
O'er them, when, a moment meeting,
Ardent lips exchange a greeting
And assume a deeper glow.

Love's young dreamers ! On the morrow
Will be rest for hoe and harrow,
And an idle day for Sorrow,
For their marriage bells will call
Smiling dames, in gala dresses,
Maidens with their shining tresses,
Youth and age, to pleasures meshes
At the bridal and the ball.

All the people in high feather
For the wedding came together,
Lovely flowers, and lovely weather,
But the bridegroom did not come.
Still they waited. Fears came faster ;
Zuliume, pale as alabaster,
Watched the troubled folks go past her
With a patience white and dumb.

Days appointed unto gladness
Only brought a leaden sadness
Growing sometimes into madness
Feeding on the springs of life.
Search was made, but no news brought her,
Praying no restorance wrought her,
Other lovers oft besought her,
Still was she his unclaimed wife.

Watching, wondering, and waiting
Like a prisoner at the grating,
Never doubting, never hating,
 Age came stealing strength and grace.
Fifty years had bleached her tresses,
Fifty years had Misery's presses
Clasped her in their cold caresses—
 Still she waited his lost face.

Almost through the darkness dreary
Lonesome, homesick, and aweary
Asking still the unsolved query
 “God, where did my lover flee?
Oh, if I could know his story!
Be it full of shame or glory!
Lives he, angel-clad, or hoary?
 Here, or o'er Death's sullen sea?”

On Hope's field of desolation
Starved and dead lay Expectation;
Life had been one tribulation
 To the maiden old and gray.
But at last the truth was shown her,
How her lover did bemoan her,
Buried in a mine alone, where
 Night was never cleared away.

Low the thrilling tale was spoken,
How an old mine's shell was broken,
And the miner's found a token
 Of the wondrous art of Death;
There a lifeless youth lay sleeping,
All youth's blooming freshness keeping,

Looking as he were but reaping
Rest, and held in dreams his breath.

Out into the light they bore him,
And the villagers bent o'er him ;
Would Love find him and adore him
 Claiming him, its very own ?
On her staff the aged maiden
Came with years and sorrow laden—
“ Mine ! ” she cried, “ from youth's bright Aiden !
 Oh, my lost love ! Mine alone ! ”

On his breast she sank. 'Twas ended !
Death to liberate descended,
And her lover's soul extended
 Angel arms to claim his own !
O, ye changeful years which hover
Ever near the glowing lover
Tenderly, I charge ye, cover
 Dust from whence two souls have flown.

AN INVITATION.

O KINDRED angels, who kept Christmas cheer
 With us, in your dear bodies, long ago,
It may seem cruel from your flower-starred lands
 That we invite you to our fields of snow.—
You, in your well used freedom to expand,
 Your youth regiven, your wisdom deep and clear,—
But come and be our guests this Christmas tide,
 Forever beautiful, forever dear.

Your pictures, wreathed with holly, light our walls,
Fixing your outlines as you were of old ;
Now you will come clad in Heaven's gauze and flowers,
While our coarse suitings bar the winter's cold.
New friends are dear, but old friends seem divine,
And we were lonesome if you joined us not ;
You may be viewless, but our souls will know
If you are near in spirit, as in thought.

The gentle tones which blest our Christmas days
When we were children, eager for but toys,
Would fall like balmy blessings on our ears,
So sore confused and pained with blameful noise.
Your sweet unselfishness which, it may be,
Hastened your going to immortal lands
We tax again, and toward the far unseen
Plead hopefully, and reach our shivering hands.

Come and rekindle hope within our hearts,
And give us patience while fruition waits ;
Sing to us strains of the grand triumph songs
Which you have learned beyond Death's marble gates !
Oh ! reassure us that you live, and love,
And carry thoughts of us within your lives ;
We are so blind and doubting ! Oh, forgive !
This thousandth time the ghastly doubt revives.

The pallid fear about the Ego lost
Rises to haunt the brain uncounted times,
And then we hark to hear you sing, " I live,
And so shalt thou ! " in musical sweet chimes.

When Christmas bells ring for the Prince of Peace,
And good will seems indeed reality,
We would bid welcome to our angel guests
Wearing the flowers of immortality.

ELAINE AND SIR LAUNCELOT.

“Delay no longer, speak your wish, seeing that I must go to-day.”

BRAVE Sir Launcelot had waited
Day by day at Astalot
That a hidden wish be stated
And the maiden tell her thought.

Wounded in the jousts at Camelot
For the diamond, fair Elaine,
All unweariness, had slept not,
Balming off the pale knight's pain.

Healed at length he tarried, asking,
“Lily maid, what can I give?”
Yet and yet she trembled, masking
What would make her die or live,

As Sir Launcelot made answer.
Ah, it was so hard to say !
Saw he not the dainty lancer
Tilting with her heart alway ?

If he saw, he saw and spake not,
For he pressed her yet again ;
“Take you, as your wish you break not,
Half my realm across the main.”

“O,” she cried, with wild emotion,
Tossing up her white arms high,
“I am mad with love’s devotion !
Pity me and let me die ! ”

“What strange thing is this, my sister ! ”
“Love ! Oh let me be your wife ! ”
Chaste and chill he leaned and kissed her ;
“Mine must be a lonely life.”

“Take me with you then unwedded !
Let my life be near your life ! ”
Sad her silken hair he threaded ;
“Sister, be some good man’s wife.

“Wrought in sweet and noble fashion
Who could stain your soul with crime ?
This is flushing youth’s first passion
And will fade away with time.”

Death-like as a frozen lily,
Saying nothing, hearing all,
In and out the world grew chilly
And she heard Death’s hollow call,

Off a little in the near distance,
Said her lordly sire, “I wot
This has frozen the existence
Of my flower of Astolot.

“Blunt the edges of her passion
With discourtesy, oh, sir ! ”
Said the Knight, “’tis not my fashion !
But I wish the weal of her.”

Hearing hoof beats on the pavings
In the early morning hour,
Poor Elaine rose from her ravings
And leaned, looking from her tower.

Kind Sir Launcelot knew fully
Love's wan eyes were watching him,
Yet he looked not up, but coolly
Rode into the forest dim.

Gone ! Forever ! There were reasons
Why he told her scanty truth ;
A crowned lady's amorous treasons,
Sweet as heaven but hell in ruth.

Sin-enchained was he and could not
Say " I love Queen Geneviere,
Arthur's wife, and, wedding, should not
Hold you half as fair or dear."

Deep stung by his parting chilly,
Dole was wrought instead of weal,
And the white-souled maiden, stilly,
Sought the hushed Land of the Leal.

CLAIR. TWO YEARS OLD.

DEAR little baby, some people would wonder
Were I to tell them, honest and true,
What a bower beautiful I have walked under
Since I have had so much Heaven in you.
Life sweeps my soul with most opulent blisses,
Scorning to mourn for the sweet things which die ;

I have eternity's joys in your kisses,
God's immortality in your blue eye
Summer blooms stay but a day in their flushing,
Night comes too soon where the morning rose blushing,
Ah, but no longer with sad lip or story,
Mourn I o'er vanishing sweetness or glory,
Since I have you, little baby, to keep
Through the forever, in mystery deep.

Dear little baby, before you came to me
Love filled my soul with such measureless light,
I have felt sure that the dear Mary knew me,
Letting me walk day by day in her sight !
Even the year seemed a great bunch of lilies ;
Summer and winter, each day was a bloom ;
Ever my eyes looked aloft where no ill is,
Almost forgetting the dark face of Gloom.
How could I doubt that life's grandest evangel,
Love, would bequeathe in his own form an angel ?
Dear little baby, I knew you would bless me
Just as you do, every time you caress me,
Bidding me read, without blemish or strife,
Massed in your soul all the wealth of my life.

Playing in tenderness o'er your mouth's roses,
Lo ! all the smiles of my best friends are kept,
Moments of sacred and holy repose
Into your wonderful calm eyes have crept ;
Snatches of beauty beguiled from fair pictures ;
Rapturous tremblements, wakened by song,
Live in your soul in such exquisite mixtures,
Howe'er I won them God counted no wrong.

Dear little baby, your life flutters golden
Up toward the Infinite, graciously holden ;
I will not pray that no evil betide you ;
I will not tell God the way He should guide you ;
Holding you lovingly close to my breast,
All with the mighty Director I rest.

1873.

SAINT CHARLEY.

THERE is grief in my heart and an empty stall
 In the barn, which was Charley's twenty years ;
 The golden straw is heaped for his bed,
 The hayrack filled where he long has fed,
 The yellow corn in his manger lies
 Which always gladdened his faithful eyes,
 His halter hangs in its wonted place,
 But he comes not in with his lordly grace.
 For he died to-day ! I shall never call
 With coaxing whistles which pleased his ears,
 Him more to the comfort which life endears,
 For he sleeps with the noble dead,
 Be it said
 He sleeps with the noble dead.

Yes, noble he was. Through his busy life,
So varied and toilful on the farm,
He was almost human in every act.
Sometimes his driver good temper lacked ;
You know how it is with the help one hires ;
Nettles, and hornets, and folly's fires
Get tangled inside of a coarse man's frame,
And his life dishonors his Maker's name.

Sometimes Saint Charley endured a day
Such men, but, discovered, they went their way ;
Our good dumb creatures we love too much
To have them managed by any such !

They shall not suffer, through toil and strife,
From keen nerves tortured to wild alarm
By a brutal driver's yells and blows.

Nature shows

'Tis folly to madden with oaths and blows !

If by such mis-hiring Saint Charles was struck
He bore it much as a saint would do ;
He seemed to know that to every life
Cometh injustice and pain and strife,
And patiently he must bear his part.
If a fool's whip cut with a stinging smart,
He marked the source, and endured the pain,
But still worked on for his owner's gain !
He "broke " all the frisky colts to go,
Hitched up by his side, stepping strong and slow ;
They learned that the harness and bit so queer,
Were nought to hurt them—no cause of fear !
They came to think they were quite in luck
Since old Saint Charley wore them too !
His virtues should shine in a cherished book
Which men look
In often—it should be a gilded book.

I have not told you how Saint Charles looked :
He was dapple gray in his younger days
But white as a saint's robe when he died.
He was brimming with stately strength and pride,

But not too haughty to prance and play,
For the youngest colts would run, any day,
Away from their mothers to play with him
Who never was crabbed, nor rude, nor grim,
But a jolly pattern for younger steeds,
Who sensed, in a large degree, their needs.
He never expected the colts to be
As staid as a horse of twenty-three !
If they bit, or reared, or kicked at him
He joined their frolic with lusty vim,
For his four good legs were never crooked
With ringbones, spavins, or any ways
 Ill use assays
To render wretched a horse's days.

He rests at last ! near the scenes he loved
We gave him burial tearfully,
And left him where he had reaped and plowed,
Doing his truest in shine or cloud,
Bravely bearing the heat or chill
With steady patience and human will.
The farm bell sounds as it used to do
When his quick ears knew it rang "rest for you !"
A halt gave heed to the cheering sign
That he and his driver might rest and dine.
Rest on, old friend, where you lived and moved,
Bearing your burden right cheerfully.
Sleep on with the noble dead.
 Be it said,
You sleep with the noble dead !

SUBTILTIES.—“DEAR FRIEND.”

SWEETLY and silently, these two plain words
Glide through the crimson chambers of my heart;
And white thoughts fly, swift-winged as mountain birds,
To haunt your soul with subtilities of art.

When, like a chain formed from the souls of flowers,
Fine, fair, invisible, but real in its force,
You feel my love fetter your quiet hours,
And turn you hitherward from some far course ;

When, with a pensive smile, you pause and say,
Hushing all speech and harking with your soul,
“Some one who loves me thinks on me to-day,”
You hint at laws most potent to control.

Not best with speaking lips or soulful eyes
Reach we the real lives of those most dear,
But by the force of unnamed mysteries,
Felt, but unseen, in the soul's atmosphere.

This magic power stops not to measure space,
But conquers distance like an angel free :
We feel a presence, sense a shadowy face,
And know a soul bears our soul company.

I do believe these longings reach as far
As Paradise, and woo the sainted dead
From holier ways to where we groping are,
With lonesome hearts, and sad prayers all unsaid.

Believing 'this, I fain would do my best
In righteous living, making small complaint
To break the sweetness of their sacred rest,
Who can but sorrow when we moan and faint.

For their dear sakes, and for my earthly friends
Whom I do light or shadow unaware,
My life shall never sink to sordid ends,
Nor make one soul who loves me grow less fair.
So bid me welcome when with viewless feet
I tread the flowery meadows of your thought,
For only what is white and pure and sweet
Shall be by me upon your being wrought.

LOOK FOR THE BEST.

WHEN work we had need to do is over
And Duty finds naught to regret ;
When the soul takes a rest on its journey
To gather what strength it can get,
I never have found it so helpful
To search for the faults I might see,
As to look for the blossoms of goodness
Hung thick on humanity's tree,
I know when I see with enjoyment
The landscape which stretches away
In seemingly faultless perfection,
That much might be found to dismay.
Dark serpents slip through the cool verdure,
Crows caw over carcasses foul,
Hawks hunt down the birds which sing sweetly,
And, waiting the night, hides the owl.
But why need I seek what I wish not
When beauty and grace may be seen
In valleys, and waters, and hillsides,
And woodlands all waving their green ?

I may as well look and be happy,
Beholding the sunny and sweet,
As hunt for the loathesome and hateful
By seeking each sloughy retreat.

And so in our viewing each other
'Tis pleasant to look for the best ;
Me all have our foibles and failings
Which need not be hunted or guessed,
So long as they hide and are quiet,
Shamefaced at their visages ill ;
'Tis better we pay our attention
To praiseworthy traits, or keep still.

But when Evils rise in pursuance,
Of course we shall do as we must ;
Fence off, but if still they keep crowding
Remorselessly strike to the dust !
A peace which is kept by encroachment
On honor, and manhood, and truth,
If broken by honest resistance
Can never work downfall or ruth.

The great sins, like barbarous warriors,
Which rise face to face with the soul,
With signal, and weapon, and armor
We measure, combat, and deal dole.
We conquer or sink in the struggle,
And know what it is that we fight ;
But alas ! when our foes are so petty .
They needs must be massed for our sight.

They simulate mental mosquitoes,
Or gnats, which can bite to the soul !

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

But nobody needs to be bitten
Resistless, to show self control !
Because they are petty, and nameless,
Too small to be captured or shot,
I don't apprehend it a duty
To smile on the pests, and move not.

So friends, though the rule I would follow
Is "search for the noble and true,"
If I am confronted by brigands
I "deal to the devil his due ;"
But if insects too petty assail me
A smudge of burnt sugar I make,
And if that proves too mild, all the vengeance
In sulphur and brimstone I take.

I never turn out of my pathway
For obstacles which I can lay,
Though 'twere Pleasure in armor of silver
Who threatened or plead in my way ;
And though I meet foes on life's journey
I had not expected nor guessed,
I never lose faith in the human,
But hope on, and look for the best.

A LETTER TO CLIMENA.

MONTHS have passed since last you wrote me,
Then it was with trembling hand,
While you waited at the entrance
Of the blooming Summer Land.

Poor sweet fingers ! They could scarcely
 Guide your pen along the line,
But it was a precious letter
 With its ending, " Ever Thine."

Since that time those weary fingers
 Have been crossed, like saints' in prayer,
On a bosom pure as Mary's.
 And they yet are resting there.
Too, the slender lips which kissed me
 When the Autumn garlands fell,
Moaned, as others do in dying,
 To pronounce a last farewell.

I have thought so much about you,
 For I know your life was sweet,
And that Youth, in wreaths of myrtle,
 Crushed out honey 'neath your feet.
Did you fear the shadowy angel
 With a crown of Asphodels ?
Did you feel that she would crown you
 To the sound of tolling bells ?

Dear Climena ! I've a question
 For each day since last we parted ;
I can ask, but no replying
 Leaves me ever hungry-hearted !
Yet I catch a little comfort,
 Thinking that your soul will be
Earthward for the love you bear us,
 And will read these lines from me.

Very little they will tell you—
 Only that I love you yet ;

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

Every day and every moment
Thick with memories is set !
Take my love to those dear angels
Whom I know, forgetting never ;
Come and see me very often,
And believe me "Thine forever."

THE TIME WILL COME.*A SONG FOR A DARK DAY.*

The time will come when these tired eyes of mine
Weep out their last sad tears ;
When in my Father's house, in lands divine,
I shall forget these years.
When hued like faded lilac blooms, these lips
Shall sigh again no more ;
When angels from life's golden mountain tips
Will ope for me Heaven's door.

The time will come, my darling, though I cannot tell the day,
When the peace of perfect stillness will relieve this quivering
clay ;
When the rocks on which I bruise me in these sullen days of
dole
Will be left among the shadows by the liberated soul.

The time will come when these pale hands I wring
In utter wretchedness,
Will lie crossed o'er the heart now fluttering
Unlanguaged in distress.

The time will come when in my lonely bed
I shall not wake to moan ;
When white and cold above this aching head
Shall stand my name on stone.

The time will come, my darling, though I cannot tell the day
When the peace of perfect stillness will relieve this quivering
clay ;
When the rocks on which I bruise me in these sullen days of
dole
Will be left among the shadows by the liberated soul.

DUST TO DUST.

WHEN a human being dies,
We have aching hearts and sighs,
Quivering mouths and streaming eyes ;
But Faith whispers soft replies
To our sobs, of melting skies,
Wherein lies a paradise
Whose sweet beauty will surprise
Those who drop the mortal guise—
When a human being dies.

Yesternight my graceful pet
By Life's foeman, Death, was met,
And to-night my eyes are wet
With the tear drops of regret.
I have stroked her jetty mane—
But I never can again—

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I have loved her great brown eyes,
Like the dusk of tropic skies ;
Her unfearing, fond caress
I shall ever, ever bless !
Laugh who will o'er such a *corse*,
I am weeping for my horse !

Under the wild cherry tree
She will never neigh for me,
But will moulder silently,
Dead for all eternity.
Faith will whisper naught to me,
Though I loved her tenderly.
She will never live again,
Silent dews and fretting rain
Soon will melt my beauty down
Into dust, all chill and brown,
Under the wild cherry tree.

When the glad spring comes again,
And life leaps in every vein,
Under the wild cherry tree
Rich and dark the grass will be,
Where she mouldered back to earth.
Loving is of little worth
In this changing world of ours ;
I shall fear to love the flowers,
Breaking every one with pain
When the glad spring comes again !

“Dust to dust,” my little pet !
Would that you could love me yet !

But I never will forget,
Blessing through all coming days
All your playful, gentle ways,
Brightest of all glossy bays!
I have been your loving friend,
Loving to the weary end,
Stroking head and neck in pain,
Nursing you—alas, in vain!
You will never think of me,
Under the wild cherry tree;
But I never can forget—
“Dust to dust,” my little pet.

WOULD WOMEN VOTE?

THE SUN, of October 28th, 1888, wishing to test this question, called upon thirty famous women to answer it over their own signatures. They did so, and the issue bearing date herein mentioned published their responses, which I took the liberty to put in rhyme.

*COLUMBIA QUESTIONS HER GIRLS AND THEY
SPEAK.*

COLUMBIA looked perplexed. She said,
“I can no longer bear the taunting
About injustice toward my girls;
I’ll know now what my dears are wanting.

“If, candidly, they wish to vote,
From their own lips I wish to know it.
I’ll call my A class up in line,
And let their testing answers show it.

She called a class of thirty out :

“Girls, would you vote if I were willing?
Slanders are rife that Justice bleeds,
And Wrong my fairest flowers is killing !”

Grace Greenwood grandly led the class,

“Grace, would you vote?” “Yea, verily
I’d help to choose law-making men
(For I am ruled) right cheerily !

“Women are taxed, imprisoned, hung,
Divorced, deprived of children ; let us
Help choose the law’s administrants,
Since ghastly chances so beset us.”

Henry Ward Beecher’s widow spoke :

“If suffrage were allowed me, surely,
Without my husband’s company
I would not vote,” she said, demurely.

Susan E. Wallace said, “The right
Would bring a duty and a pleasure.”

Edith M. Thomas didn’t know
What she *would* do with such a measure.

Anna K. Green shrugged in disgust ;

“Elections have unpleasant features.”
Maybe she would—if others did ;
’Tis bad enough for men, poor creatures !

Marion Harland said, “No, no

I do not wish to vote, and would not.
Voting would coarsen your sweet girls.
Vote? No, indeed ! I say we should not !”

Next Lucy Larcom said : " If I
Could raise the nation's standard higher
By voting, duty would compel ;
But voting is not my desire."

Mrs. James Field, and Lucy Stone,
And Marys Booth and Livermore
Said, " Yes." But Celia Thaxter said,
" I only answer, No—no more."

Rose Terry Cooke said Paul was right ;
He knew the powers and place of woman ;
While Mrs. Akers felt *the right*
Already hers, as widely human.

Mary P. Jacobi, M. D.,
Would vote on almost all occasions—
Save when she didn't know enough—
Or candidates compelled evasions.

Louise Chandler Moulton felt
Spheres are not interchangeable,
And she, for one, would much prefer
No burden so derangeable,

Adeline Whitney thought the right
Would make things too reversible ;
For woman, in her central place,
Ought not to be disbursable.

Christine T. Herrick wouldn't vote
Because she wanted to—not any !
Augusta Evans Wilson raised
Objections which, to name, were many.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

Kate Sanborn bravely answered, "Yes!"
Gladly she'd vote without restrictions,
And bear discomfort, if she must,
Thus to declare her own convictions.

Olive Thorne Miller said *she must*
To be in any wise consistent;
But Julia Dorr was not convinced,
And Emma Southworth half resistant.

Good Mrs. Hancock long had wished
To equalize her sisters' chances
For service, compensation, and
The ballot might bring such advances.

Mary Mapes Dodge, E. Stuart Phelps,
And Frances Willard said "Yes," roundly.
But Ella Wheeler Wilcox talked
A little selfish, and unsoundly.

She said, "I should not vote. I give
A vast amount of mind and labors
To new things, and I want my time!
You do it, sisters, friends and neighbors."

At last came breezy Jennie June.
She thought Columbia ought to honor
Fair woman, as she does her men,
With suffrage—not put sneers upon her.

She didn't think it very nice
To hold them punishable creatures,
And bar them out as citizens—
Men's noble counsellors and teachers.

Columbia's queenly brow was calm,
 And love of Justice glorified it.
 "The girls have proved their right to vote,
 If strength of reasoning can decide it.

"Some feudal wrong is yet concealed
 In usage, laws, or constitution ;
 But right is might, and Knowledge leads
 To liberty, from dire confusion."

PRESUMING.

WHAT if the door should open
 And then, ah me—and then
 What if our vanished darling
 Should have come home again ?
 As real and as healthful
 As when she went away ;
 The merriment upon her lips
 Where deepest silence lay.

What if she came and kissed me,
 And wondered I am sad,
 When I must know in Heaven
 What precious joys she had !
 If she should take the rocker
 Which stands beside me now,
 'Twould take me long to tell you
 How much I'd kiss her brow.

I have so much to tell her
 Which she would like to know !

So much I long to ask her
About that dreadful blow
Which came before this absence—
What death has since revealed ;
What she kept thinking, precious,
While her young blood congealed.

She'd put her dainty finger
Across my questioning mouth
And say I had been dreaming,
But had not dreamed the truth,
If she should come and see me
As in the blessed yore—
Alas ! the door swings open,
But she comes in no more !

No more ? I can not think so !
I feel her tenderest eyes
Look at me in the stillness
And yield me sweet replies.
I seem to hear her speaking,
I almost catch her breath ;
I know the soul which won us
Has triumphed over death !

If she had been less lovely
I should not cling maybe
To what lies in the churchyard
With such idolatry ;
But forms as rare and perfect
As hers are seldom found,
And it was hard to place it
In darkness under ground.

Above it stands the angel
Baptized with life anew,
But, oh ! so dim and shadowy
To my external view,
My senses are defrauded,
And in unlanguage pain
I cry above the ruin,
But cry in vain—in vain.

Now when the door swings open
I hearken with my soul
To hear her gliding footsteps
And feel her sweet control.
I know she enters stilly
As moonlight on the floor,
Although I can not see her
Come through the open door.

OCTOBER BY MOONLIGHT.

GOLDENLY beautiful rises the moon
Bringing to Night her oblation,
Richer by far than her silver in June,
A mellow and calm satiation.
Sober as nuns on the shadowy hill
The trees, which were flashing and flaming
To-day in the sunlight stand dusky and still,
Their beads to the saintly stars naming.
Shrive them in silence and sadness, oh, stars !
And utter no word of upbraiding
For aught which their modest simplicity mars—
Mad whispers, gay tints, vain parading ;

They dream not, I trow, that their gorgeous attire
Is the first kiss of Death thrilling through them ;
Their march will be short, in their garments of fire,
To where the cold ground will bedew them.

Indeed, we shall miss from the sweets of the world
The leaf-music rising and dying
Through all the long summer ; the operas furled
And wrapped in bird-feathers a-flying.
But living is learning to face the sad truth
That naught can be holden in keeping,
Yet, seeing through tears we discern it in youth,
And aged eyes look at it weeping.

CENSURED.

HA, ha ! I say to the Night,
And stare in her great black face,
The world is not so white
That I am quite out of place ;
The owls and the bats are out,
And the rain-toads croak and croak,
And she who wears so many stars
Wraps too in a sable cloak.

Ha, ha !

The world is not all white !
You are my sister, Night—
Day is my sister, too,
With music gold and blue

Ah me ! When I saw To-day,
I said, It is all too bright !

For crushed in the gloom I lay,
And my eyes were full of night.
Too many glittering wings
Flew off in the still, sweet air
To make me feel quite at home,
Or easy anywhere.

Ha, ha !
The world is not all white !
You are my sister, Night—
Day is my sister, too,
With music gold and blue !

Hands, clay-fashioned like mine,
Lips no diviner than these,
Point at me all in a line,
Accuse me and doubt at ease.
If they can do better than I,
I joy in the knowing of it,
And, wearing what lilies are mine,
I kneel humble-browed and submit.

Dear Heavens !
Baptize me in thy light !
I love not sin and night !
And, if I go astray,
Forgive me, oh, I pray !

A sun shone out in my sky,
And the cloudlets rosy grew :
The sweet larks sung on high,
And life like magic flew ;
When lo ! from a hundred lips
A bitterest warning came

And I learned my sun had left
Stains, deep stains, on my name.

Ah me !

My bargain was so weak !
I won a patted cheek,
A soft hand on my hair,
A few hopes high and rare.

And now I must turn away
From my sun I deemed so bright ;
I must walk, the ghost of Day—
And you are my sister Night !
Ever and ever the same

The game of hearts is played,
For woman is weak, oh man !
And weakness by power is swayed.

Sad, sad,

That which we all must do
When the sweet game is through ;
Laugh with an artist's art !
Dash tears back on the heart !

NIGHT HUSH.

A HUSH at last ! from my window
I lean to the tender night.
If my heart is restless, lonely
It wanders far from the right,
For oh, what a wealth of blessings
My Great Father gives to me ;
Still I lean out of my window
Wearily.

INFELICIA.

III

Star, my star, as you glimmer
Remote in the deep, dark blue.
Is some one else in a window,
Thinking of me and of you ?
If so, not sad and lonesome
Like me, I hope, is he ;
'Tis enough *one* looks from a window
Wearily.

INFELICIA.

I KNOW it is waste and folly to mourn for the changeless past ;
I know it is wise and healthy to look to the future vast ;
To bravely work in the present, to do the grandest can be
For the ever needy living. But futile is theory.

It **can** not hold, nor turn me from the foolish unto the wise,
I **creep** back into the shadows in the land of agonies ;
I **die** with the ones who perish, am racked by all torture dire
Which a human frame has suffered, even to death by fire.

I **would** I could turn me sunward, away from the blood-stained
night,
Forget what the records tell me, and strengthen the growing
Right !
Be blind to my own sore blunders, and the pain which came
thereby,
Leave the " Might-have-been " unpainted, sketch the " Maybe "
bright and high.

But, ah ! I am ill and morbid, and the old pain hurts me so
I think of the roses blooming in the ways I did not go ;

Of the thorns, I should have blighted, grown strong to pierce
and rend ;

I hear to-night all the past moans of husband and child and
friend.

I choose from my books the choicest, I place it before my
eyes ;

Alas for the poet's music and his pictured reveries

Between my eyes and the pages comes a shimmer of soft, light
hair,

And our beautiful waxen darling lies dead in her beauty there.

So what can I do but think how we laid her away to rest
With the wild hepatica blossoms fading upon her breast ?
To-night I weep, and wonder what it was I failed to know
That might have saved her to us, who longed to keep her so.

So blind, so fond, so erring ! So hurt by a bruise or wound !
We love the air, the sunshine, the whirl of the earth around !
Yet sensitive states of being seem gates to the hell of pain ;
If life be a bane or blessing is a problem not yet plain.

SONG OF THE ROSE LEAVES.

O, THE flutter and the rustle of the rose leaves on the stem !
O, the bowing and the whispers when there's none to
list to them.

How I love the fresh, sweet fragrance, and the tender dreams
they fling

Of the sleepy, blue-eyed Summer at the dancing feet of Spring !

CHORUS—

O, the rose leaves fresh and green,
In the tender hands of May !

They are prophets of the flowers
 Growing, growing day by day.

When the balmy June is with us in the opulence of bloom,
 And the roses are unhooded, gay with color and perfume ;
 All the hours seem any sweetest, or more welcome be to me,
 Than these days when growing rose leaves rustle on the thorny
 tree ?
 And when I am gathered mutely to the mother of us all,
 When my voice comes back in wind songs through parlor and
 through hall,
 I shall slumber, oh, how sweetly and how peacefully I ween
 they lay me where the rose leaves are growing fresh and
 green.

LOSSES.

WE are weak when a fair deceit
 Looks more clear than the white truth to us,
 Sending its lispings and glintings sweet,
 All aflitter with gladness through us !
 Weak when the leading lines of hope
 Fasten to silver-winged illusions,
 And woo us off where the wind-flowers ope,
 While Truth walks lone with her staid conclusions.

Yet knowing and owning a childish heart
 Beats to-night in a woman's bosom,
 I choose for a season the weaker part,
 That my lost dream-flowers again may blossom.
 I feel so poor, as I sit and think
 About the rich faiths gone with childhood,
 When fairies by forties used to wink
 Out from the blue-bells in the wild-wood.

Haven't I seen their ribbons flutter?
 Haven't I seen their jewels sparkle?
 And almost heard the words they utter
 Down where the moss-groves twine and darkle?
 Haven't I looked for the Fairy King
 On moonlit patches, by shadowed fountains;
 And heard the hoofs of his horses ring
 On the shining gold of the great cloud-mountains?

Music as sweet as a lark in dreams
 Would sing as he greeted June's rosiest morning,
 The fairy ladies astride moon-beams
 Sang me when my life had a cob-web awning.
 Woe is the day when the fabric fell,
 A day of losses and disillusions;
 It went to the land where dead rainbows dwell,
 With my dreams inwrapped in strange confusion.

Now, I never hope when the lily-bell
 Rocks white and cool in the moonlight mellow,
 To find asleep in its fragrant heart
 Some bow-lipped, lace-winged little fellow;
 But the reverence which I used to feel
 For the chosen flowers of the little people
 Was never won in my later years
 By blazoned dome or by gilded steeple.

TO MY MADONNA.

O, BLESSED Mother of the holy Jesus,
 To Thee I raise my eyes in faltering prayer;
 Let Thy calm tenderness and gentle pity
 Embalm this wintry air!

Look in my soul for Thou canst understand me ;
Lay Thy sweet fingers o'er my poor weak heart ;
Teach me to look beyond all pain anguish
To a diviner part !

And bring me from the heart of Thy fair Heaven
A bunch of lilies, fragrant, white and fresh,
Remembering they were precious to Thy spirit
When walking in the flesh !

Ours all are dead—it is the noon of winter—
And only in my brief, unquiet dreams
Do I catch glimpses of the earth's lost blossoms
Up by the heavenly streams.

And I long deeply for soul thrilling music,
Such as with joy will almost stop my breath ;
One low sweet song wilt Thou not deign to sing me,
Learned past this land of death ?

Oh, not in sullenness, nor with complainings
Lift I my thoughts to Thee, Star of the Skies,
But hushed in sadness, such as the old limners
Painted in Thy blue eyes.

Why was it there ? Didst know the Holy Being
Enfolded in Thy crimson fount of life
Must wear the mangling thorns—through crucifixion
Ooze out His earthly life ?

Ah ! those were reeking years of sin and darkness
O'er which Truth walked with garments dripping blood,
More perilous than these to Reason's soldiers
Who, Christ-like, would do good.

Yet now, when light gleams out in patches golden,
 Wherein men's souls are growing white and pure,
 Too many walk in darkness and black raiment
 For Christ's to be secure

Hear now this prayer, framed in the reverent stillness
 Where waits my soul, trembling 'twixt joy and pain;
 Let not the martyrdom, but moral grandeur
 Of Jesus live again?

A CARELESS WORD.

O, DO not say 'twas a careless word
 The thought of a moment had left unspoken;
 I know it. So was it a careless move
 When the wine was spilled and the goblet broken.

I do not weep that a careless lip
 Let it pass, like a stinging dart;
 But, oh, I weep that the cruel thought
 Ever lay in the hidden heart.

A NEW VERSION OF "MARY OF THE WILD MOOR."

THE snow glistened ghastly and cold,
 And the Winter winds howled o'er the moor,
 As young Mary, outcast by the world,
 Shuddered back to the old cottage door.
 "Be still, little baby, press close
 To this frozen and desolate breast,
 And it may be my father will rise,
 And bid the poor wanderers rest."

But cold blew the winds, and the child
 Wailed louder its piteous cries,
As she folded it closer and moaned,
 While the tears froze which fell from her eyes.
The sparks from the chimney laughed up
 In the face of the merciless sky,
As she stalked, like a ghost of the Storm,
 To the door with a suppliant's cry.

“Oh, father, pray open the door!
 I freeze, with my half frozen child!
The world has no shelter for me,
 And the cold winds howl bitter and wild.”
She waited, and harkened and moaned,
 But the silence was sullen and dead;
So she turned her white face to the storm,
 And the snows drifted over her head.

In the dumbness and darkness of death,
 A door opened high o'er the moor,
And an angel, as tender as Love,
 Stood looking at her in the door.
She saw little children at play,
 Who never were wretched and poor;
And thither she went, with her babe,
 From the winds which blew 'cross the wild moor.

A century's years have gone by,
 Since the wanderers perished by cold,
And Christ, who is tender and wise,
 Took the shivering lambs to his fold;
But afar in that country of bloom,
 Sweet Mary looks oft from the door

To welcome the outcasts of earth,
From the winds which howl o'er the wild moor.
The thought of the year of her sin,
And the night of her agonized tears,
Have made her remember and pray
For the weak and the needy all years.
And so, when a wanderer faints,
You may hear Mary call from God's door:
"Come this way, come this way, poor soul,
From the winds that blow o'er the wild moor."

THERSITES.

A WARNING TO BLACKGUARDS.

THE old Greek Agamemnon,
When fighting before Troy,
Had deals of useless bother
With a saucy soldier boy.
His name was plain Thersites ;
In person and in mind
He carried less attractions
Than most of folks you find.

His contumelious language
Was his besetting fault ;
He never stopped to reason
Before he made assault.
The great chiefs of the army
He shot at with his tongue,
And even Agamemnon
Was by its venom stung.

But once when great Achilles
Mourned the slain Amazon,
And, being in ill humor
Would not be "put upon,"
Thersites ridiculed him,
And everything he said
Was so deuced aggravating,
Achilles struck him dead.

**OUR RARE FLOWER WHICH DIED IN ITS
FLUSHING.**

OH, could I look down through the dust of her tomb
To the house where my darling reposes,
Her sweet eyes would only be violets dead,
And her mouth only ashes of roses.
Her silken brown hair would not darken and flash
As when it coiled round her white finger.
Nothing is unchanged, but her unending sleep,
And my love for her—they always linger.

She never will turn—precious one—on her bed ;
Her dainty hands crossed on her bosom,
Can never reach up to the bush at her head
And gather the white rose's first blossom.
She loved them so well, and she wore them so much,
The roses, and fuschias, and many
Besides, but I thought when they hung on her head :
Oh, she is the sweetest of any.

Her eyes were so bright and her brow was so white,
And her heart was so warm and so glowing,
That I ought to have known, had I opened my eyes,
She away from we mortals was going ;
I ought to have seen that the gay silken sails
Of her shallop too truly were swelling
With a gale which swept down from the far away skies,
Where the spirits of light are dwelling.

But I did not see. When my heart beat high
At the thought of a joyous meeting,
And I went a long way through cold winter snows,
To clasp her in ardent greeting ;
She did not come out when the sleigh reached the door,
With a laugh, and her pretty hands clapping,
But she lay all alone, cold and moveless as stone,
Her grave clothes her frozen form wrapping,

Oh God, if I live till my hair all turns white,
And life on my pale hands shall languish,
The demons of hate, if they hunt the world round,
Can mete scarce a bitterer anguish !
She died with the sweetest of hopes in her breast
And jewels of thought yet unspoken ;
Receive her, oh God, of omnipotent power,
And pity the heart Thou hast broken !

If I could look up from the storm-beaten earth,
Where the wild winds of anguish are rushing ;
If I could look up from this physical wreck—
Our rare flower which died in its flushing,
I know I should see, in the chambers of light,
Which my far-reaching spirit discloses,

A WHITE ROSE BUSH.

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An angel with eyes like the violets blue,
And lips like the freshest May roses.

But I cannot see far with these tears in my eyes,
And my physical senses all crying—
“Weep on, oh, bereft one, for life is made up
Of loving, and loosing, and dying!”
And I need not see far, for a beautiful faith
Declares that our spotless young angel,
Can come to our home, and can read all our heart,
And teach us love’s holy evangel.

A WHITE ROSE BUSH.

A GAIN, my love, your white June rose
Has bloomed in sweet perfection,
Again I sit me down to muse
In tender recollection.
It seems so long since you and I
Admired its flowers together,
And I have faced, dear heart, since then,
So much of earth’s wild weather!

But you, in Heaven’s eternal Junes,
Have seen such rare perfection,
I sometimes fear you will forget
Even my true affection.
Among the waxen lilies there,
The asphodel’s pale blooming,
Do you remember, dear, *your* rose,
Its opulent perfuming?

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

I press its blossoms to my lips,
 I pray above their whiteness,
 That God will let your soul come back
 From Heaven's resplendant brightness,
 And meet me, for one happy hour,
 Beside the moonlit roses ;
 The gladness would repay me, love,
 For many sad day-closes.

* * * * *

Ah ! not in vain have been my prayers ;
 God bent His ear to listen !
 This side the pearly gates I see
 My darling's white robes glisten !
 She comes, her long bright hair out-swept,
 Her white arms stretched in greeting,
 A thousand memories in her eyes,
 A sister's joy at meeting !

We bend above the blossoms white,
 She in her spotless raiment,
 I in my somber earthly gown
 For which my hands make payment.
 But we are sisters, and shall dwell
 Beyond all earth's wild weather,
 Where roses do not die with June,
 In some sweet vale together.

FRENZIED GHOSTS.

CRAZED by her sad desertion
 The Poet Shelly's wife,
 Failing to woo him homeward,
 Ended her love-wrecked life,

With desperate endeavor
 pallid peace she found
For her o'er-tortured body ;
 Her soul—that was not drowned.

And I have sometimes wondered
 If souls are not insane
Who fly to God's high country
 In agonies of pain.
I know death cannot blind one
 From sensing deathly wrong,
And sometimes ghost avengers
 Are merciless and strong.

Maybe I wrong the lady
 Who took her own young life ;
Whose dreamy poet husband
 Espoused another wife ;
But when he drowned, as she had,
 Battling with waters rife
I fear she must have been there,
 His frenzied spirit wife.

PET YOURSELF.

IT is no use being cynical in dealing with yourself ;
 We are not at all expected to be perfect every time,
And to know each line of knowledge wisdom stores upon her
 shelf,
 Packed in prose, or hung like berries on the showy vines of
 rhyme,

Grant it is not nice to blunder, or to fall and get a bruise ;
But it never makes it better to berate yourself a fool !
Pet yourself, and take your chances whether other folks abuse !
If they do, the more 's the reason you have patience and
keep cool.

Be a hero in misfortunes, be they great or be they small ;
Bear the pain of wounds and bruises, never making great
ado.
You will gather strength more quickly if you waste no force at
all,
And because *you* know you hurt you, need the whole world
know it too ?

You would hear a ringing chorus swell the words "you might
have known
I should never trip in *THAT* wise if a hundred times I fell !"
Pet yourself and not go hunting sympathy from breathing stone ;
If you *must* talk, fill the silence of a cavern or a well.

Listen close, and when is ended the account of what befell,
I am sure you will be flattered by the taste you pleased to
use,
In the choice of friends to talk to, earless cavern, tongueless
well,
Which can utter no reproaches, nor your confidence abuse.

If we only could be perfect, ever acting at our best,
Always speaking as is needed, never less, and never more,
Hours which now are dark and weary might be sweet and holy
rest,
And we need not grow in wisdom by mistakes which go be-
fore.

THRENODY.

STILL in its little nest of flowers
Low lies our darling's clay ;
She nothing knew of life's sad hours—
Her days were bright alway.

She lived a blossom's life one year,
In April time she came,
And, oh, she grew to us so dear
Love seemed too cold a name,

To tell the feelings of our hearts
For this bright little one ;
Dowered with the most bewitching wits
Which through Love's wonders run.

Forget-me-nots in pools of dew
Her tender eyes did seem ;
Anear the rose-pink of her mouth
Love's fairies seemed to dream,

The melting cooing of her voice
Sounded our deepest sense ;
And now, to feel its awful hush
Is agony intense.

The house is lonesome as a grave
Though spring flowers gather we
And place them in her little chair
Hoping that she may see.

To think how many days have passed
And we have kissed her not ;

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

While all our thoughts, and hearts and souls
Cry 'round her burial spot.

Sleep on thou precious little one,
Holding Spring's earliest flowers;
We mourn, but know thy life glows on
In fairer lands than ours.

We know that into gentler hands
Than ours our baby passed;
Oh, Father! when we all get home
May she be ours at last?

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

THE Night! How vast and deeply dark
The pall sweet Day lies under!
How vain the efforts of the stars
To pierce the gloom asunder!
The trees, in outline vague and black,
Are grim shapes of wonder!

I stand half fearful on the porch,
And watch the rose-vines dimly
Swing back and forth their thorny limbs,
Like ghosts' arms clutching grimly;
Gaunt witches seem the hollyhocks
Standing off so primly.

My heart! Is this the enchanting world
We lived in in the morning?—
All bud, and bloom, and shine, and song,
And faultless in adorning:
We walked then in a gorgeous place,
With Heaven for an awning!

But now the world seems almost dead—
 Beyond the power of waking ;
A faltering breath comes now and then
 And sets the black trees shaking ;
Ah ! now she lies as do the dead—
 No breath, no so achin , nıgtıl

When lo ! the resurrection comes !
 An angel is ascending
The cloudy stairway in the East,
 Pearl-faced. What light descending
Falls stilly on the rolling clouds,
 Neutral and azure blending ?

The spirit of the vanished Day
 Out o'er the earth is stealing ;
She walks in beauty, silvery, soft,
 Angelic in revealing.
She touches what was dear to her
 With chastened soul-like feeling.

Like phantom flowers the lilies hang,
 Each white head bowed in dreaming ;
The fuchias seem but fancies sweet,
 Off in the garden gleaming ;
The roses have a far-off look,
 The souls of roses seeming.

This hour is thine, oh Soul ! Vast Soul,
 How loom the approaching ages ?
How looks to-night the cowed old Past
 And thy ascending stages ?
Canst trust Him in thy impotence
 Who time and matter guages ?

Look upward to the burning stars
 Hung in infinite distance,
 And fear not for thy fate and life
 Where'er lies thy existence ;
 If it be here or elsewhere,
 Trust thou His great assistance.

TO MR. A. E. GILES,

On his birthday, November 2nd, 1870.

DEAR FRIEND,—I bring my little gift
 Of old words woven in new lays,
 And wish them even half as sweet
 As the leaf-music of these days.

For fifty years thy ears have heard
 Each Autumn sweeter songs than these,
 When young November's glowing leaves
 Came drifting from the sighing trees.

But I would like from all the flowers,
 Withered or blooming, in my heart,
 To offer one bud fair enough
 To treasure as the years depart.

Yet, as I search for beauty rare,
 And fold the blossom-leaves apart,
 I gaze into the silent air,
 And pause before angelic art.

For from the crystal gates of light
 Thy angel mother cometh down,
 And purity and sacred strength
 Gleam 'round her forehead like a crown.

Her loving soul does not forget
 That fifty years ago to-day,
 Within her clay-clothed mortal arms,
 Thou, an unconscious infant lay.

Well may her angel face show joy
 When, looking o'er the perilous years,
 She sees thee clothed in righteousness,
 With but Earth's noblest for thy peers.

Though church-lists claim and know thee not,
 Though Sabbath bell-chimes fail to win
 Thee with the brow-bent worshippers,
Thou hast no fellowship with sin.

I *know* this when the dainty feet
 Of thy child-angels stir the air,
 And their pure eyes behold thy soul
 So white they love to nestle there.

They love thee, and the holy ones
 Whose charge they are, oft smile to hear
 Sweet Millie talking to herself—
"My Papa must be almost here!"

*"Is Papa coming? Angels look
 And tell me,—is his face this way?"*
*"Yes, darling, he is toiling on,—
 And he will come to thee, some day."*

Thy fiftieth birthday! O, my friend,
 When fifty other years have fled
 Thou wilt be happier than to-day,
 Among the souls of thy dear dead.

BABY'S SERMON.

THE full moon shines in the East to-night
Round and bright as a plate of gold,
And a memory haunts me, pure and white,
Which I long to tell, yet I wish were told.

It is not long since a baby-girl
Made our household supremely glad—
A heavenly light in a shrine of pearl,
Which God recalled, and our hearts are sad.

One night when the fair full moon came up
Out of darkness—a welcome boon—
I called, "If the baby has done her sup
Bring her out here to see the moon!"

Jumping and laughing, out she came,
In her mama's arms, for she could not walk,
And save she could utter her mother's name
And say, "Tee da!" she could neither talk.

From the edge of the porch she saw the moon,
We who loved her stood watching by;
She stretched her arms, with a joyous croon,
To take it down from the evening sky!

But failing, turned, and her eyes grew round,
Round and bright as the wonder seen.
"Tee da!" she cried,—oh, the sweetest sound!—
And I pointed up to the silver queen.

"Oo! oo! Tee da!" Then we hugged her close,
Kissed and kissed her over again,

With what affection our Father knows,
Who measures loss and its nameless pain.

“Oo! oo! Tee da!” As we march along,
Faint with pain and the wounds we bear,
The baby's words are a silver song,
Which comes to us as an angel's prayer.

“Oo! oo? Tee da!” To the whitest deeds
Which a faulty human hand can do,
Her voice calls stronger than laws and creeds
Heavenward ever, “Tee da! Oo! oo!”

THE WORK MOST NEEDFUL.

THE work of reform is to open men's eyes! not to move
them

By touching the heart, which is the cheapest of all mental
labors;

Better break heads than hearts, if God's light, which is glowing
above them,

Flash down through the chinks, like an army of angels with
sabers.

It is easy to work upon hearts, bringing tears like May showers,
Or to urge egotistical sinners to blatant confession;
Not so easy to demonstrate clearly how sin and transgression
Are workers of death, and destroyers of God-given powers.

The best way to make people white is to keep them so! Truly
It is wrong to grope blindly, to botch, and to lazily blunder;
Inspect and decide! It will pay to investigate duly,
But never to guess, and to trust, with a baby-eyed wonder.

The years have gone by when the sweetness of Weakness was
sounded,
When innocent Ignorance played with her sleepy, white fingers.
While Wisdom, star-crowned, lay neglected, unhonored and
wounded,
And Bigotry plaited the thorns for the world's knowledge
bringers.

We sense the salvation at length which is gained by compli-
ance
With Reason and Truth, never once by their dire crucifixion ;
They sanctify souls by a wise and devout self-reliance,
Which springs up from the growth and is fed by the dews of
affliction.

To-day is not good for long dreams among myrtles and roses !
Mad vipers slip 'round where the fair blossoms smile in the
grasses !

Some time will come safety and days of delicious repose,
When up all the future roll blisses in opulent masses.

Ah ! I have passed on from the days when in weakness I trem-
bled,
And drew close my veil when I knew that grim Danger was
coming,
'Til through it mad fires only rose-colored blossoms resembled,
And, lulled, I walked onward, my gladsoonest melodies hum-
ming.

He only is brave who is brave with an eye on his peril ;
Dull Ignorance knows not the meaning of victor nor coward ;
She plays with red poppies, and circles her forehead so sterile,
Albeit her couch with the poisonous nightshade is bowered.

So blow back the veil from my face, oh, winds of the turbulent
 Present ;
 I wish it aside, although soft and protecting its tissues.
 'Tis best to see clear, if the weather be stormy or pleasant,
 Wide-eyed to face Life as she faces the soul with her issues.

LOST IDENTITY;

A STORY OF GRANDMOTHER'S PEWTER PLATTER.

GRANDMOTHER sat in her rocking chair,
 Twirling her thumbs with her fingers locked,
 Full of business at ninety years,
 Neatly aproned, and capped and frocked.
 "I wish the girls *would* take care of their things !
 They wear them out as I never did ;
 If I had wasted as they do—why !
 I'd have had your grandfather all 'undid' !"
 "But things must change—'tis the law of God—
 The law of progress, and we must bow,"
 I said, "It would n't be any use
 To try to block things where they are now."
 "Oh, no, I know it," she meekly said,
 "My good old grandmother gave to me
 A pewter platter to always keep,
 Forever, choice in my family.
 "I only used it for company,
 And kept it bright as a looking-glass ;
 I never dreamed I should live to see
 The total wreck which has come to pass ;

For though the *pewter* is on the earth,
 That pewter platter exists no more ;
The shining metal composing it
 Is scattered more than in native ore.

“The great misfortune of losing it
 Was brought about by an ugly wen ;
Dame Butler wanted to borrow it,
 And promised to bring it back again
As soon as she cured her wen ! I cried
 What witchcraft now ? Have you got your hag ?”
“Law, no !” said she, “but I want to burn,
 On your pewter platter, a linen rag,

To use in making a medicine
 For a wen ; I am going to drive mine in !”
“Which she did ! But she melted a little hole
 In my platter—it never was whole again !
Aunt Mima, *she* had a great wen, too,
 And *she* must borrow my pewter plate
To cure *her* wen in the same strange way ;
 Well, this misfortune I have to state :

“*She* melted a hole of appalling size
 By the time *her* wen had disappeared ;
And when I called for my dear old plate,
 She said it was almost spoiled, she feared !
And sure enough ! But I took it home
 With a funeral feeling in my heart ;
I’d have almost put those two wens back
 To cure my mind of its burning smart !

“Then the boys declared they would melt it up
 For bullets, to hunt with, that same day :

They did so, and long ere the sun went down
 That platter had all been shot away ! "
 Her thumbs twirled on— " Then I gave it up,
 For I can't balk Change—nobody can !
 I lost my faith when I lost my plate,
 And constant shifting seems God's own plan ! "

BUDDING ROSE.

A WAY in the blue, blue Heaven
 Where we all shall some time go ;
 Where the skies are warm as amber,
 And gem-like blossoms blow,
 Lived Budding Rose, in a valley
 Shaped like a shallow cup,
 And ever the tall white angels
 Were passing down and up.

Teaching her useful lessons,
 Leading her out to play
 Where the jets of a silver fountain
 Joined in a roundelay ;
 Bearing her over the waters,
 Off through the lucent air,
 For oh, in that ceaseless summer
 Beauty was everywhere.

Playmates as sweet and dainty
 As God ever shaped were there.
 The curly home of the sunshine -
 Was the infant angels' hair.

The softest beams of the heavens
Lay in their tender eyes,
And the light of their crystal spirits
Broke in their meek replies.

Budding Rose was as happy,
While the calm days flew away,
As the heart of an early robin
In the apple-blooms of May.
But a memory yet was precious—
The home that was hers on Earth,
And she went sometimes—little spirit!
And joined in her brother's mirth.

She walked in her blooming garden,
She sat in her vacant chair,
She hunted her dear old dolly,
She played with her mother's hair,
She spoke, but they never heard her,
She sat in the lightest place;
It ever seemed strange and painful
That they could not see her face.

Then she would ask the angels—
“When will they go to sleep
And 'wake, with their eyes wide open,
Here where we do not weep?”
“After a few more winters,
After a night of gloom,
When you, Budding Rose, are larger,
And we call you ‘Rose-in-Bloom.’”

The years! They were brief and glowing
And subtile as rare perfume,

Each bringing a rich oblation
To the saintly Rose-in-Bloom.
Who of the angels, sweeping
Past in the ambient air,
Stopped not above the valley
To linger, if she were there?

Lingering once by a fountain
Hearing its crystal bells,
Braiding the slender leafstalks
Of the graceful asphodels,
Softly her head drooped lower
Over her pearly breast
And again the vision of Earth-life
Broke on the angel's rest.

She saw all the home-folks coming
Threading the gloomy night,
Borne by a band of angels
Toward the valley bright.
"Have the years gone by?" she murmured;
"Is the separation past?"
Then there were—oh, such greetings!
For they all had met at last!

Like the light of a dream, in heaven,
Hurry the beautiful years
Over the ones who leave us
Here with our selfish tears,
We know that the sacred purpose
Of life will be duly wrought
If it be hidden from us,
Far from the way we sought.

EMMETTE.

A TALE to teach you caution, daring youth,
Just starting on life's journey, full of risks
And perils, which the wisest cannot mark
With certainty, but only say, "Beware!"

Not many years ago an eager lad
Dwelt here among us, named as in my verse,
Who left us suddenly.

Alas! as quick
As foam bells burst his spirit stood unfleshed
In dazed amazement at the unplanned change.

It may have saved him from a bitter life,
It may have shut him from exquisite joys ;
We cannot tell ; we only know he died—
To use an old expression—and is gone.

It happened in October's glorious days.
Too ready ever to engage in work,
The little man had set himself to help
His aged grandfather to garner fruits,
To husk the corn and save the winter stores.
Such pride had he in driving on the work,
His zeal o'ertaxed his strength. That was his fault,
And often chided by his loving friends
But never mended, for he sensed it not.

All the bright morning of that fatal day
On which he left us, until long past noon,
The old man and the child-man side by side
Wrought at their task, both weary when 'twas done.

"Hurrah!" cried Emmette, as he reached the house,
"The corn is husked! the apples picked! and now
I think I may go hunting with the boys!
Grandpa can spare me!" Whistling to his dog,
His faithful Jack, he took his gun and went
To join his comrade, passing o'er the hill
And down the ravine where the squirrels play,
And rabbits frolic 'round the bushes dense
Delightsomely, tempting the hunter's skill.

He should have rested quietly at home,
For weary arms are sometimes treacherous,
And weary feet are likeliest to trip.

Just how it happened—this I have to tell—
No mortal tongue can say for no eye saw,
Unless 'twas faithful Jack's, and he is dumb.
The lads had parted when a gun-report
Surprised his comrade: "Hello! hit the game?"

"Emmette!—speak out!—ha, ha! you missed your mark,"
No answer came, no rabbit covert broke
Rustling the glowing leaves; but Jack's low whine
Warned of disaster. Death had won the lad
By a chance gun-shot. He had tripped and lay
Face downward on the clay, moistening with blood
Which had been leaping in young Emmette's veins
Only a moment earlier. Wild with fright,
His little comrade gave a cry for help
Which brought a stranger to a sudden halt
With horse and wagon. "O, sir! take him home!—
He lives in yonder village, oh, be quick!
He breathes! God! If the dear boy could be saved!"

As best they could they placed him in the cart,
Jack following, and hastened to his home.
His mother, at the gate, looked for her boy,
For it was time to bring the cows at night,
And Grandpa was impatient. Not in sight!
Half chiding him in thought she turned to go
When stopped the cart, and "Ma'am I've brought a boy.
They told me to leave here."

"Not here," she said ;

" I have a little boy, but he is gone
To hunt an hour, beyond the woody hill,
And will be home directly ; it must be
Some other place—we need no extra boy."
"This is the place I seek,—Here lies your boy
Beneath this covering."

O, I would not paint.

The cry that mother uttered

Brief the space

Before he ceased to breathe, and life became
To her a blood-stained waste. He had not 'roused
To look at her, nor speak, nor even moan,
Before his spirit's exit. Let us hope
His 'waking was not poisoned by such grief
As his transition left within his home.

His little wealth—his skates, his sheep, his horse—
Passed into other hands.

Within the home

Hangs a fine portrait of him garlanded
With fragrant memories. His faithful Jack,
Stretched on the carpet, eyes it lovingly,
And seems to say, remembering olden days,

THE AMBITIOUS GOOSE.

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“ My little master ! Why is he so still ?
I think he might come down and play with me.”
Ah Jack, those days are gone, forever gone !
But when his spirit visits Earth and home,
Where warm love welcomes him, I do believe
Jack’s silky head receives a fond caress,
And angel fingers whiten giving it.

THE AMBITIOUS GOOSE,

WHO WENT ABROAD TO WIN HONORS.

I N a far-off German country,
Lived a discontented goose,
Who was constantly complaining
Of neglect and great abuse.
She had eyes as blue as sapphires,
White as Jura’s snow her wing,
Faultless feet, as pink as sunset,
But not any voice to sing.

“ Oh,” she sighed, “ these cruel people
Scarcely hearken to my lay,
Though I am a charming singer,
And should wear a crown of bay.
Were I in the beauteous Rhineland
I should hear the vaulted sky
Echo back the people’s praises,—
Here I must unhonored die !

“ I will go where art is higher,
And they know what music is ;

I will make the singing wavelets
Stop to hear my melodies.
I will make the children listen,
Still as statues in the bowers ;
I will make the lords and ladies
Hearken from their castle towers."

While upon the skirts of Morning
Lingered yet a sea-shell glow,
Floating off upon the azure
Was a winged speck of snow.
She was dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
To the motion of her wings,
How she should return in triumph,
Heralded by dukes and kings.

Long before the mid-day vanished
In the shadows of the vine,
Our aspirant, as proud Cygnus,
Floated on the storied Rhine.
Just at sunset came a party
Boating, rowing merrily.
Said the goose "I'll sing. I wonder
What those folks will think of me."

So she tuned her voice, expectant,
Of the praises she should hear,
And it echoed on the castle
Like a clarion sharp and clear.
"Ugh!" said one, "that fine fowl roasted
Well, might make one's heart rejoice,
But she should abandon music,
She has neither skill nor voice!"

"One man's word is nothing," thought she,

"I will serenade the poor ;

Their tired hearts shall leap to music

I will waken at their door."

When a simple burgher rested

From the labors of the day,

The poor goose, so long neglected,

Tuned again her clamorous lay.

"Good Lord, save us!" cried the burgher,

"From another song like this ;

When you turned your head to music

Your fine talents worked amiss,

You are good for growing feathers,

Neck and breast and back and wing,

But no one save you suspected

You were called upon to sing !"

"Worse and worse," the poor goose muttered,

I was better liked at home ;

I will seek my native village,

Ne'er again for fame to roam."

Conceit unappreciated

Need not seek applause abroad ;

Real worth and telling talent

All who know will freely laud.

THE HOLY MAID OF KENT.

BACK in the world's blood-blushing years,

When only royal tongues were free,

The angels chose a Kentish maid

To wear the robe of prophecy,

Through the still chambers of her brain
They sent the truths in Heaven sung,
Until they dropped in golden words
Of wisdom from her unschooled tongue.

The grave church fathers came to hear,
And scorned her not, so pure she spake ;
But drinking in celestial draughts
Grew to the truth of God awake.
Whene'er she spake reproof to Sin
In lowly places, naught was said ;
But when the Monarch was rebuked
The Kentish maiden lost her head.

When the Eighth Henry wore the crown
Of England o'er his lustful brows,
He coveted unrighteously
Fair Anne of the Queen's house ;
So with a cruel hand and heart
He pushed aside his Spanish wife
With murderous coldness, though she prayed
Him name what fault did blot her life.

She spoke in meekness of her truth ;
Her moods were copied from his own ;
Mentioned, with reverent tenderness,
Their children, making tearful moan.
It naught availed ; " Kate, go thy ways,"
He bade in voice still cold and coarse,
Turning to Woolsey and the rest,
To press the need for her divorce.

Feeling for Katherine's deep woe,
The holy maid of Kent spake out,

Denouncing in the name of God,
What the Crowned Beast would bring about,
For this the fat-faced Monarch bade
She should at once beheaded be,
Her crime was that her woman's heart
Pitied a sister's misery !

One scarce would think a lion, crowned,
Would care to crush a little flower,
And use on such a fragile thing
His full prerogative of power ;
But thus it was. Upon the block
She laid her pretty aureoled head,
And by the order of the King
The sturdy headsman struck her dead.

SEEING JENNY HOME.

THE snow is sparkling 'neath the moon, as if she poured
the brightness

Of all the silvery Summer eves upon its white expanse,
While on the hill past Eagle Creek the schoolhouse gleams
in whiteness,

And on its top the gilded spire is flashing like a lance.

The distant windows glow like eyes ; the clanging bell is swing-
ing

And calling to the boys and girls, as it has called before

To boys now men, to girls grown old, to some now angels
singing

In that sweet home where fall no snows upon the starry floor.

I stand a moment on the porch and dream an old dream over,
As precious as a robin's song poured on the air of spring ;

As heavenly as violets ; as sweet as early clover ;
And wonder at the honey stored in such a little thing !

Come, Jenný, leave the rosy fire : come tell me you remember
The very night I saw you home, and kissed you at the door.
Your lips were worth a kingdom, and my heart glowed like an
ember !

It has not burned to ashes yet, but loves you more and more !

You wore a sombre velvet hood, brightened with scarlet lining
And far the prettiest style of cloak I ever yet have seen ;
Your ringlets flashed and darkled, and your brown, brown eyes
kept shining,
'Till I vowed, if you were placed at court, you'd shade the
jewelled queen.

It was a little walk, my dear, the road too soon gone over,
From where the old bell rings to-night beneath the shining
dome ;

And so we took the road of life, not always edged with clover,
But, Jenny, darling, to the end I'll see you safely home.

CANDYTOWN.

THE BABY NAMES THE VILLAGE.

BABY Emmet is two years old,
Jolly and dimpled from toes to crown.
He talks but little, though plainly this ;
“ Mamma, take Emmet to Candytown ! ”

Blue eyes dance with intense delight ;
Giddy is he as a circus clown !
He waits for his baby-cart to wheel
His lord shipup, into Candytown.

The village is rather a smart affair
In wealth and style, and of some renown,
But Emmet condenses it all to this—
His papa's store—that is Candytown.
Lithe Crusoe, his avant courier,
The household dog—his speed has shown,
Scaring the cats both sides of the street
To herald the comer to Candytown.
Arriving, his highness is lifted out
And makes selections of chocolates brown ;
He knows good candy from common stuff,
This tasty Patron of Candytown.
Ho, sweet-toothed Emmet! you've started right,
I hope your record, when written down,
Will read, " He found all the sweets of life,
And Earth to him was a Candytown ! "

**WE WRITE BLESSINGS IN SAND, EVILS ON
MARBLE.**

I SAW a young girl with an innocent brow
And eyes to which beautiful Juno would bow,
Her cheeks all aglow with the roses of health,
Bow her head on her hands and sigh, " If I had wealth !
My efforts for happiness all seem in vain,
My beauty is nothing, my dress is so plain;
Compared with a lady I merit disdain;
My parents are old-fashioned people although
They are upright, and noble, and loving, I know,
But the last in the country to make any show.
The darts of misfortune upon me are hurled !
I am quite out of place in this glittering world. "

It is strange, it *is* strange that our minds are so planned
We write evils on marble and blessings in sand !
I looked on a poet with that on his face,
Which naught but Divinity's finger can trace;
A heart in his bosom which happiness caught
From the great soul of Nature, and throbbed into thought ;
Thought burst into music, and music took wings,
And sang to the listener of rapturous things;
Dim eyes were turned skyward, wan faces grew bright,
The sinner grew heart-sick and searched for the right.
Oh ! nothing can rob him of pleasure, I said,
With his great loving heart, and his great thinking head.
But a beautiful lady rejected his hand
And married his rival, with houses and land ;
She chose to wear diamonds in tangible shape,
So the poet sold his and bought weeds of black crape:
Bankrupted his brain, and in face of his God,
He cursed his existence, wherever he trod.

It is strange, it *is* strange that the mind is so planned,
We write evils on marble and blessings in sand !

I saw a fond husband; the joy of his life
Was a bright laughing boy and a true-hearted wife ;
He builded a home filled with beautiful things,
As costly and grand as the castles of kings ;
Chill airs never blew on the idols he loved,
The world bowed before him wherever he moved ;
He laughed at the luck which had filled to the brim
His goblet of gold, while his brothers had tin,
And scantily filled. But reverses came on,
And e'er he scarce knew it, his riches were gone !

A strange freak of fortune, which favored mankind,
Dispersed them, like thistle-down blown by the wind;
Love still wore its evergreens—they are the same
In palace or cottage. Want, even in name,
Was a stranger; but nothing of joy could he borrow;
Who ate cream yesterday must have cream for to-morrow.
His ill-gotten splendors he could not forget,
And he died—died a victim to foolish regret.
It is strange, it is strange that the mind is so planned,
We write evils on marble and blessings in sand !

I saw an old man who was nearing the tomb;
He knew that it led into glory through gloom;
His life had been long, his adversities few,
His nights broke in sunshine, his clouds into blue;
His children were dutiful, talented, true;
His wife had as much as Penelope's truth,
And she loved him in age as she loved him in youth.
He, too, was forgetful; he shook his white head;
"This world is all emptiness," gravely he said;
"Our hopes are delusive, our joys only baubles,
We have one enjoyment to legions of troubles !"
It is strange, it is strange that the mind is so planned,
We write evils on marble and blessings in sand.

OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

SINCE it is known that angels come
At pleasure o'er death's silent seas ;
Since it is known they are not dumb,
But counsel us, at will, with ease,

And love us, love us as of yore,
When sun and shadow round them played,
Why shakes your heart from rim to core
And whispers, "Oh, I am afraid!"

You wist not of the yearning loves
You shut off by a shield of snow :
Why not take in the heavenly doves
Who fly, for love of you, so low ?
Why look upon the burial sod,
To see them sitting by the stones ?
What care they for the senseless clod
Which veils with green their crumbling bones ?

They wait not by their monument
To daze you when you go that way ;
The low grave-grasses are not bent
By sweeping of their robes of gray.
They live not idly with the dead ;
They love not cold, secluded rooms ;
Why go you in with halting tread,
Trembling and pale as lily blooms ?

They are not there ! They are not there
To startle you with moon-like eyes,
But in the parlors, still and fair,
And redolent of Paradise ;
Touching your brow like waving wings,
Dropping a bright thought in your mind,
Uplifting you from grovelling things
To thoughts and feelings more refined.

When you have crossed the silent sea,
Leaving most tender eyes in tears,
And fain an angel's ministry
Would do, but cannot, for grim fears ;
When those you love draw back aghast
In passing where your form is laid,
And each red globule hurries fast
For fear of ghosts in ambuscade ;
When you awake in Heaven yourself,
And see your image pictured out
Unreal as a lace-winged elf,
Stalking or skulking dumb about
In darksome places, you will cry,
"Oh Faith ! where art thou ? Love is dead !
It was not half so hard to die
As turn to phantoms in Love's head."
Most beautiful it is, indeed,
To meet the angels friend as friend ;
To feel in hours of greatest need
Their holy benizons descend !
Reach up your hands, oh mortals, here,
With all the confidence of yore !
Have grave-clothes made your friends less dear
And must you fear them evermore ?
No ! bid them float about your masts,
However roughly roll the seas ;
God speeds them, and their power is vast,
So welcome them and breathe at ease.
Come out, angels that are to be,
And meet them, in their white arrayed.
Come out ! What cause is there to flee ?
They are not ghosts in ambuscade !

GROWTH IN HEAVEN.

THE mother sat in thoughtful mood and watched fair
Claribel,

Standing among the garden flowers, pure as a lily bell.

The floating gold about her face, and white robes made her
seem

Like some young angel, brightening a brief midsummer dream.

How blest thy mother-heart to rear so fair a child, I said.

“Oh ! if you could but see the two—the living and the dead !

So near alike my infants were that never one could tell

The which it was one stooped to kiss, Clarine or Claribel.

“They seemed like Paradisal flowers down drifted from the
skies

Upon my pillow, all the lore of God’s love in their eyes !

But when they grew so large their feet chimed music on the
floor,

One died. The preacher said, ‘Henceforth ye know her life no
more.’

“That fateful day Death’s presence stood between my pretty
pair,

I scarcely dreamed that any hope could lighten my despair ;

It seemed so recklessly unjust : Clarine lay dumb and chill

While Claribel, her counterpart, lived, warm and laughing still.

‘What though I writhed in agony and loathed to draw my
breath !

Though I should die, and all things die, she could not wake
from death !

And so at length, by slow degrees, my soul began to cry

For something which would compensate my dire calamity.

“And lo! this truth flashed like a star athwart my spirit’s
gloom

The growth of all unfinished lives beyond the silent tomb.

I knew as Claribel’s sweet life unfolded in my view

As surely, and by such degrees, Clarine was growing too!

“Ah, joy! no mortal tongue need say its icy words to me!

I know, as well as soul can know, they walk in company,

And that as Claribel has grown from bud to perfect bloom,

Clarine has grown to womanhood beyond the charnel’s gloom!

“If I were called to Heaven this day, my ready soul would meet

A daughter like my earthly child, serenely wise and sweet;

And so I thank you doubly much for all the praise you said

I wish your eyes could see the two—the living and the dead!”

Our early dead! So safe—so safe from every sin and wrong.

We mourn a broken strain we thought would swell into a song;

We feel a hush which left unsaid a volume sweet and grand;

But life and growth in Heaven, as here, march onward hand in
hand.

I HAVE LOST MY HARP.

I HAVE lost my harp most strangely!

It is not on the willows hung,

For roses were wreathed about it,

And its wires to joy were strung.

I think it has not been broken,

For I know I laid it by

In the earliest days of winter,

When the first snows fell from the sky.

My voice was light and trembling,

And I missed its wonted ring,

So I said, "I will sit and listen
While the better artists sing.
And when I can waken music,
Pleasant, and sweet to hear,
I will get my harp for my using—
Maybe another year."

But once, when the winds of winter
Were up with their twangings sharp,
Dreaming of earth's lost music,
I thought of my silent harp;
And thinking to try its sweetness,
And sit for an hour alone,
I went for the harp I sang to
In summer, but it was gone.

Where should I look to find it?
Was it all dissolved in mist,
And up on the soft cloud mountains
Of gold and amethyst?
Taken by some good angel
Who had heard me try to play,
And thought to be using it better
On the shining hills of day?

Or was it a mortal found it,
All dusty with unused things,
Unfastened the dead wreaths from it,
And brightened its rusted strings?
I queried, but could not answer;
I tried, but I could not sing;
So I sit and long for the music
Which the old days used to bring.

I have lost my harp most strangely !
And can no one tell me where ?
I will question the lovely darling
Asleep in the rocking chair.
Ah ! her innocent tongue will not tell me
If she carried my harp away ;
But I think she will bring it back singing,
Some beautiful summer day.

STEP UP, AND AHEAD!

EACH life has a key-note which governs its march
From its dawn to the house in the dust,
And 'tis meet that we hail with our heartsomest praise
The ones who are born to be just.
All hail to the just man ! We honor his worth,
And we pray that his days may be long,
But I cheer for the just man whose motto is this :
"Step up, and ahead, and grow strong !"
The world is made better and brighter by these,
And less like a wilderness lorn,
Which men travel through, with their feet in the mire,
Regretting the day they were born.
It gladdens us all when a brother calls out,
Directing the laggardly throng,
And bids them, by showing them how it is done—
Step up, and ahead, and grow strong !
Step up, and ahead ! not to glory and fame,
But excel in whatever you do ;
In farming, in building, in cooking, in all
The labors you daily pursue.

It is not worth while to be calmly content
 With only just moping along ;
 The Vanguard of Progress would cheerily say,
 "Step up, and ahead, and grow strong !"

The motto so goldenly wrought in their lives,
 Which no one to follow should dread,
 Is that by which God teaches souls to advance ;
 It is this one : *Step up, and ahead !*

When the angel of Death comes to usher them in
 To the Heaven, whence their excellence led,
 He will only repeat the good words they have lived,
 And bid them, Step up, and ahead.

MY FATHER'S PRESENT—AN ETCHING.

THREE years had passed since I had lived apart
 From those I left within my childhood's home,
 And worked to rear a roof-tree of my own.
 In hours of rest, dotted 'twixt hours of toil,
 I'd many a yearning thought of olden days,
 And all the sweet belongings of my youth :
 My noble father, full of generous words
 And precepts wise, and confidence in me,
 Which ever cheered my life ; my brother, proud
 Of clever steps in dancing, crackling jokes,
 And all life's sparkling foam ; my sister, fair
 And lovely as a wild rose ; likewise, too,
 Almost as brief a tarrier on the earth—
 For she has dwelt with angels many years ;
 And in their midst and floating o'er their heads,

My spirit mother, who had left the flesh
At God's command, to dwell with unfleshed souls,
But still was loving guardian of her home.
She was its queen, although invisible,
And each one knew her presence as of old.
Such dear composites were my dreams of home !

At last, I thought, *our* home nest gives repose :
It has an air of rural prettiness,
And since our first-born patters through the house
I think it Eden's double.

I must write
And bid my father come. He has not seen
The kind of woman I—"his good girl"—make.
Yes, he would come.

One fine October day.
When the leaves drifted from the maple trees,
And nuts dropped down, and apples glowed aloft,
And it did seem all good things were bestowed
With lavish hand, my dear old father came.
And such a precious present as he brought !
Dear, thoughtful soul ! He knew my heart so well !
In my school-satchel, which I used to swing
On my slim arm when but a little girl—
I thought the old thing worn out years before,
But he had treasured it—he brought to me
Some bright red "apples from my favorite tree,"
Spicy and luscious, tasting so of home !
I never shall forget the thrill of joy,
The tender memories, the smiles and tears,
My father's present brought me. Was it not
A touching offering from the hand of Love ?

FRIENDS FOR THE JOURNEY.

“**A**LWAYS your friend,”—I can not tell how precious
Those three words are to me;
The world and every thing therein, seems rocking
In mutability.

And if exists one fraction of creation
Which is exempt from this,
There will I rest my soul when all too weary,
In silent, moveless bliss.

“Always your friend;”—I did mistake thy meaning;
Thou surely movest along
To where the whiter flowers of peace and wisdom
Echo with Love’s sweet song.

Thou only breathed a sweet, prophetic promise
That I could keep in sight,
And travel with thee toward the hills of knowledge,
Whose peaks are bathed in light;

Could climb within the reach of voice and hand-clasp,
And with thee faint and rest—
Sometimes with bleeding feet and rocky pillow,
But sometimes ’gainst thy breast.

And that is more in keeping with God’s wisdom,
Who made this changing world;
’Twere strange, indeed, if in the growth about them
Souls lived with pinions furled.

Therefore I know if I am thine in friendship,
As thou hast promised me,
I must forever change by endless effort
Towards white divinity.

And for the breath of poppies I did covet,
I must another twine
Of all the tear-dewed, angel-tended blossoms
Which grow towards lands divine.

So for the dulcet lull which first came o'er me,
Reading thy promise sweet,
I waken from the baptism of thy friendship
To make life all complete.

BLIND DAN.

'TIS hard to be blind, for any one,
But hardest, I say, for a horse,
Which must move, and strive, and labor,
Commanded by human force;
For human hearts are so flinty hard,
And weak hands strong with a whip.
Alas ! and many a wicked yell
Is hurled from a human lip.

'Tis hard to be blind, for any one,
But man, he can speak and plead,
And learn by language the things desired
With a careful, leisurely heed.
But, ah ! for the sightless, speechless horse,
Which must never be loth to know
The hidden breadths of his owner's wants,—
Too oft he is told by a blow !

Toiling, he bears the cut of the lash
For a blunder he could not see,
The jerk on the bit, which stings, and tears
At the strong flesh, cruelly !

The heavy loads, and the under feed,
And the stinting of needed drink,
For a blind horse is so cheap, they say,
“No odds if he wear and shrink !”

The coarse boys jeer at, and calls him bones ;
Do they think of the hungry days
Which brought him down to a skeleton
From the roundest of glossy bays ?
If they only knew what a charity
A pat of the hand would be,
And a gentle word, or a cooling drink,
They would give them cheerfully.

I had a horse which was blind. To-day
He went to his long, long rest,
And I've this to comfort me : where he lies
Will the wild flowers bloom the best ;
But the dearest comfort of all is this,—
I never forgot his need,
And when urged to sell him, I only said,
“My love is more than my greed !”

He sleeps in the woodland where he played
With his mother when he was young ;
Where he cropped the grass under waving bough
And frolicked when wood-birds sung:
For twenty years we were friends, blind Dan,
And I know that my care for you
Was never a loss to the soul I bear ;
It is good to be kind and true !

I hope there's a Heaven in the universe
Where the sightless of Earth can see,

And all that is wrong will be righted there,
To a practical certainty.
I fancy the devils which I shall see,
And the ones I shall hate the worst,
Will be the men who abused God's dumb,
And rendered their lives accursed.

AFTER THE MOVING.

HO, hum ! I am lonely ! And why, do you ask ?
Well, because two young rompers have taken their leave.
I helped fix them off—such a love-sweetened task,
And they gave me no time then to ponder and grieve.
But now they are gone ; fairy Madge, with such eyes
As would “stop a staid clock” to remark and admire ;
In her-garnet plush cloak, with a hand-bag—the prize
Full of goodies, and bonnet with ribbons afire.
And Glyndon, with mob-cap and hunter's-green cloak,
Who insisted on taking his toy-saw in hand,
And a shingle to saw on, enough to provoke
Any one save his lovers ! There have you the band
As they started. Ah, no—not complete—I forgot ;
There was “mamma,” our daughter, our once little girl,
Whom the youngsters with wants and suggestions beset
Till her head must have been in an absolute whirl !
And the bird dog, old Frank. He looked Wisdom herself,
As he mounted the carriage, in collar and chain,
So he might not jump off from the cars, like an elf,
When the big engine screamed and flew off with the train.

That's the picture. And now I have time to reflect.
 The house seems half grave-like, and I—should be weak,
 Except that for climbing I've holy respect,
 And working and rising is what we all seek.

My heart says God speed to all efforts which aid
 In their growth and well-being ; I tether them not.
 The earth it is wide and in beauty arrayed,
 So let them choose wisely a home-resting spot.

But I miss them in spite of philosophy's aid !
 The house is in order and nothing displaced,
 Bnt I think I could stand the disorder they made
 Just to have the sweet darlings a moment replaced !

Fly away, fly away ! but come back, little ones !
 I am keeping your pictures, your chairs and your toys.
 I shall hail you again in the cheeriest tones
 And welcome you back with your romping and noise.

SAMANTHA'S ADVICE TO BETSEY BOBBET.

"Oh," said she, "my last gazelle is dvin', my hopes are witherin';
 ketch hold of me, Josiah Allen's wife!" Said I, "Ketch hold of *your-*
self, Betsey Bobbet!"

I OFTEN wish that I could give
 Samantha Allen's sound advice
 To weak-kneed folk who make mistakes,
 Doing so many things "not nice,"
 And then in falsetto despair
 Shriek, "Save me ! hold me ! I am weak."

Although I might hold out my hand,
My words would be, If I should speak,
"Ketch hold of *yourself*, Betsey."

Indeed, I know how sweet a boon
Protection is, and sympathy ;
But when demanded by a mind
Which shirks responsibility,
And rambles where so 'er, it wills,
Through nettle patches known of old,
Shouting for help to cure the stings,
Samantha's quaint words should be told,
"Ketch hold of *yourself*, Betsey."

To bring the counsel nearer home,
We who believe in angel guides
Behave as if we thought to make
Them do a nurse's work besides.
We toddle here and toddle there,
Sure they will catch us if we fall,
Too owlsh-blind to consequence
To run about the world at all.
"Ketch hold of *yourself*, Betsey."

THE ANGEL ESCORT.

ONE hushed night I saw an angel,
With a lily in her hand,
Coming through a flowery gateway
In the still immortal land.
And she swung its bell, as spotless
As the pages of her soul,
Till I caught the sound of music
Breathing in a wooing toll.

Every pearly stamen quivered,
Every golden anther swung,
And the flower-bell seemed to echo
Sadness from each opal tongue.
Then four beautiful child-angels
Floated down an airy steep,
And before the guiding spirit
Crossed their hands in reverence deep.
“What wilt thou ?” each sweet mouth queried,
And they raised their trusting eyes
To the guiding soul beside them,
Eager for her dictates wise.
“I commission you, my darlings,
For a mission down the skies,
Where the Earth is rolling onward
In her cloudy draperies.
“There a little child is lying
Worn with fever, pale with pain,
While its pleadings, low and plaintive,
Part the thin lips all in vain ;
Waning are the fluttering pulses,
Still and clouded grow the eyes,
And I see the young soul wrestle
With death’s solemn mysteries.
“Not alone and unattended
Must the soul’s awakening be ;
Let him learn death is not cruel
But a veiled white mystery.
Sing some dear, familiar music
He has heard his mother sing,

Lest the pangs of separation
Be too deeply sorrowing."
O'er the death couch, still and wooing,
Bent the children from on high,
Tenderness beyond all telling,
Melting in each lucent eye.
Come, dear brother, come and rest you,
Where there is no pang of pain,
Come, and should your soul be homesick
We will all come back again.

Then I saw five angels floating
Up, where only four came down ;
All the space above was rosy,
All below was chill and brown.
But they did not look beneath them
At the shadows dark and deep,
Seeing where the morning-glories
Never fold their bells to sleep.

Waiting by the flowery gateway,
For the coming of the band,
I could see the spotless angel
With the lily in her hand ;
And the faintest strains of music,
Strange and tender, sweet and new,
Sounded while the gate swung open
And the shining band passed through.

COUNTRY TOM'S SABBATH OBSERVATIONS.

ONE Sunday morning in mid-July
I sauntered off from my week-day labors,
Past two nice farms which were lying nigh,
Belonging to Church and Paine, my neighbors.

My back was lame, and my joints were stiff
With cutting hay, and the work of hauling.
I felt, I fancy, somewhat as if
I'd been witch-ridden at speed appalling.

My neighbor Church was a Methodist
Whose strongest point was attending meeting ;
No strain, nor sprain, nor creek, nor twist
Had ever succeeded his soul in cheating ;
But neighbor Paine was an infidel
Who read, and slept, and laughed on Sunday,
Nor pined for Heaven, nor dreaded Hell,
But came out fresh as a rose on Monday.

'Twas hurry and bustle on Sunday morn
At neighbor Church's to "get off early ;"
The women wished they had never been born,
The men were sober, and tired, and surly.
The horses, worked to their utmost strength
Through week days, found they were basely cheated
Of Sabbath rest,—that in breadth nor length
Of man's religion were they well treated.

After the heated week-day toil
How just that the dumb and patient creatures
Should range at pleasure the grassy soil,
Instead of waiting on wordy preachers.
Said farmer Church, "They are only brutes !
Man is the sovereign of creation,
Hitch up ! hitch up ! let us offer fruits
Mete for repentance, and our salvation !"
Said farmer Paine as he loosed his team
To range on the pasture sweet with clover,

Through which went singing a silver stream,
 " You shall rest till the Sabbath day is over ;
 If I need rest after six days toil,
 So do you, and I freely give it ;
 We bore together the six days' broil,
 The Sabbath day—we will resting live it."

While neighbor Church, in his Sunday suit,
 Endured a sermon of woe prolific,
 His horse and the flies held a high dispute
 In a state of feeling not beatific.
 Now if horses think, and we could hear,
 I am sure they would much prefer a master
 Who can read the guide-board to Heaven clear,
 Without the use of the eyes of his pastor.

EGOITY.

" The absolute loneliness of each human soul in its interior experience is the most awful fact of this human life. . . . Alone we enter the earth and alone we depart from it. So much of our living as is known to eye and ear, our kin, our lovers, our fellowmen possess ; but it is not much."

AND it is well ; our unsuspected sorrows,
 Our wearing struggles, and our sad defeats,
 Were none the lighter for us could we shadow
 With dark admixture lives all blooms and sweets.
 Frail, finite love is varying and short-sighted,
 And finite pity can not comprehend
 The depth and dimness of a soul's endeavors ;
 What matter if it censure or defend !

Friends we know best, alas ! they fail to read us,
Almost as those who know us not at all ;
And yet we blame not, knowing all too truly
Souls dwell in unapproachable enthrall.
Intangibly do human passions fret us,
Sometimes maliciously, but oftener far
In heedless, vacant ignorance, not knowing
Where thorns are mangling, nor if thorns there are.

O, soldier soul ! in life's unceasing battle,
No rest from action, no discharge, no truce !
Winning or fainting, failing or exulting,
Thy powers are thine alone for fullest use.
Love may essay to aid, Hate to destroy thee,
Still thou must fight in solitary strength,
Each hour, each moment, even to that ending
Where days and hours grow infinite in length.

But in the lulls we dream of golden ages,
Holy transparencies of peace and rest,
When time, which must eventually be tender,
Shall take the ice-masks off from face and breast.
Unlanguaged, unexplained, but comprehended,
Who then will care to utter plaint or moan,
Feeling the long, deep loneliness is broken ?—
All this lies past the tabulated stone !

WHITE SOULS, WHITE ROSES.

IF half our dreams of holy days,
When once we gain Heaven's golden highland,
Could melt into a shining haze
To beautify earth's barren island ;

If half the lilies floating sweet
Upon the waters over yonder
Could gladden hearts too faint to beat
With joy, were it not well, I wonder?

If loving words we think to say
In silver accents up in glory,
Were uttered by us day by day
How liquid sweet would grow life's story ;
How many faces worn with care
Would lighten to the call of duty ;
How full of music were the air,
How redolent this world of beauty!

If half the noble deeds we know
The blessed angels do above us
Began on earth, less cold and slow
Were we to think the dear dead love us ;
We should not look for moon-like eyes,
Pearl-cold, to shine in heavenward distance,
But near and far the bending skies
Would lighten with our friends' existence.

If half the beauty which we pray
May garment us in lands immortal,
Might bud on earth and shape the clay
We wear this side the crystal portal ;
If Love, the artist most divine,
In moulding human clay to beauty,
Could over-rule Ambition's shrine,
And thus make loveliness a duty,

The Earth would have more radiant heads
Fit for a circlet of white roses,

So many sleep in on white beds,
Where come no daybreaks nor day-closes.
'Twere better that we metely wear
The pure white flowers on foreheads holy,
Making our lives a fervent prayer,
Than don them with our grave clothes lowly.

GRANDPA'S FLOWER.

O'ERCOME, at last, with the long toil of living
For ninety years, Grandpa was setting sail
For Paradise. No sadness nor misgiving
Vexed his white soul with melancholy wail.
He wished a cheerful parting ; lamentations,
And weeds of crape, he feelingly debarred.
How they would clash with angel salutations,
And Heaven's first welcome to his soul be marred !

Busy had been his days. Few idle spaces
In all his years had the brave worker known,
Few hours in which to think of bloom and graces,
After his fields were ploughed, and rightly sown ;
Use, and not beauty only, he had wrought for,
Until the useful seemed most dutiful.
If others found in roses what they longed for,
To him the good grains seemed more beautiful.

Longing and tenderly, as death drew nearer,
He called his grandchild close to hear him speak
A trifling wish. 'Twas this : Corn flowers were dearer
To him than fruitless blossoms, fair and weak,
And o'er his grave he wished their emerald banners,
And plumy tassels, might in richness grow,

Perfecting golden ears, after his manners
When he was mortal, and did reap and sow.

Grandpa was right. Corn would be most befitting !
And when Spring comes again, and warms the earth
The lovely king of grains, for honor quitting
It's wonted place, shall monument true worth,
Over his honest head, and hands which toil not,
The corn shall whisper low, " Remember me—
Live honestly—God's golden truth despoil not,
And meet your old friend in eternity. "

THE SUNDAY LAW.

I 'VE two neighbors living nigh,
One is Jones and one is Walker ;
Walker is a mechanist,
Jones a polished pulpit talker,
Both are honest, pleasant men,
Both have families to work for,
Both stand hand to hand with toil,
Neither 've lazy souls to shirk for !

But it puzzles me to solve
How the church-folk view their labor ;
Jones on Sunday earns his cash,
All on week-days must his neighbor.
Let me, in my plain, blunt way,
Put in shape my homely query.
Help me, reader ! Knotty snarls
Always make my poor head weary.

What I wish to know is this—
 Why is Jones a petted worker,
 Earning, Sunday, clothes and bread ;
 Walker but a guilty lurker,
 If on Sabbath morn he goes
 To his work-shop, still and quiet ?
 Jones would have the Christian's praise ;
 Walker rouse them to a riot.

Work is work, and cash is cash,
 Men are men, and Sunday Sunday.
 Jones and Walker both are right :
 God works Sunday just as Monday.
 Why do not his little folk
 Bluster up and serve indictment
 That He wheels the earth ahead ?
 That would be a rare excitement !

BURDENS.

I WONDER if God knows how much I need
 An hour of silent rest,
 Wherein no Want bids urgent Duty speed
 And serve her swift and best.
 I am so tired of seeing fingers raised
 To signal me to come.
 I cannot go, for, fainting, cursed or praised,
 My weary soul sits dumb.
 I try to shut my eyes, but lo, my ears
 Catch voices calling me,
 And even I hear the drip of falling tears
 When I would quiet be.

Tear-dimmed blue eyes, or drooping golden head,
With grief are brimming o'er ;
Sore need of little words of comfort said
So many times before.

Ah, woe is me, for nothing can I give,
So weak and faint am I.
It scarce is sweet to breathe and only live
As one about to die !

God knows my need and sends His angels low,
With healing on their wings ;
Warm thrills the blood which feebly coursed and slow,
My soul grows strong and sings.

I woo a peace from their celestial eyes,
Too deep for Earth to break.
I half forget the way lips shape to sighs
When hearts are worn and ache.

And seeing how they triumphed over pain
Who once were burdened too,
I kiss the cross, and taking heart again,
Feel strong to bear and do.

DREAM OF AN IMMORTAL.

OUT where the vines are creeping ,
Over a lattice white,
I dreamt as the flying Daytime,
Greeted the coming Night.
Far in the blue east trembled
The light of a cream-white star,
And the rims of the clouds at sunset,
Were pink as the sea-shells are.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

The eyes of my soul were open,
The springs of my heart leaped high,
Though my outer form was lying,
As moveless as when we die.
Down through the twilight distance,
Floating like song along,
Came one whom the world has worshipped,
For the mighty gift of song.

At length in the grapevine shadows,
Near by my side he seemed ;
But, oh ! what a far-off beauty
Over my spirit beamed.
'Twas grasping a spot of moonlight,
Or holding a song most sweet,
So subtle, so bright, so heavenly,
He seemed from head to feet.

I looked in his face a moment,
So mighty, so all-complete ;
I bowed to its burning glory,
And prayed to kiss his feet.
Back from my touch he vanished
Saying, " not so, not so ;"
But raise up thy soul to meet me,
That I need not come so low."

Then with a graceful motion,
Over my neck he threw
A scarf on which stars were sprinkled
Over a ground of blue.
Reaching a fair hand forward
Holding a glove of white,

'Wear it, oh, earthly sister,
Wear it," he said, "and write."
Now when the snow gauntlet
Presses upon my hand,
Then I can write the truest
Tales of the Better Land.
Angels seem all about me,
Guiding my mind and pen,
And telling the truths of Heaven
Unto their fellowmen.

HEPATICAS.

MOST sacred of all flowers the woodland offers,
So soft of tint and changeful in their grace,
Seem the Hepaticas, likest the beauty
We watch on a love-ruffled infant's face,
Pale on their misty stems they spread their petals,
Earliest and bravest of spring's retinue.
Willing to take, if need be, chilling snowflakes
Upon their faces, as the perfumed dew.

I would that I might copy half your sweetness !
Unspoiled by snarling winds and smothering snows
You live your lives, looking your best, and yielding
More prayerful joy than June's most regal rose !
But I make moan if rough winds pierce and chill me ;
I bide my life in bitter discontent
If sorrows wound, counting on listless fingers
Days, all too many, in refinings spent
Brave, and how frail ! pretty unlanguage'd teachers,
Wreath your cool whiteness 'round my burning life ;

Let your pale pinks, and silky dying purples
 Subdue the blood-flush of consuming strife.
 Cool and so sweetly quiet rest your blossoms
 Against my lips, awaking latent hope
 That e'en the lowliest have a Heavenly Father,
 And are not born in orphanage to grope.

Hush! let me think!—One year ago I saw you
 Doing sad service, one chill April day,
 In a white casket. Ah! the loss we suffered
 I need not tabulate in verse to-day;
 But you, my wild-wood darlings, since the moment
 I saw you lying in her pallid hand
 Have seemed intensely sacred, and belonging
 To the child-angels in the Better Land.

DAFFODILS.

A GAIN the daffodils laugh up
 And send our sad thoughts winging;
 We know the time of year has come
 For blooming and bird-singing!
 They look as if they'd rather brave
 A solid week of sleeting
 Than not be out of bed to give
 Young Spring a hearty greeting!

Grandma, now close on ninety years,
 Plucked two this very morning,
 And fondled them like early friends,
 A hot-house tea-rose scorning!

The baby saw one in the grass
And cried until he got it ;
The business hustlers all blurt out,
“ Ho ! Daffys ! who'd have thought it ! ”

Yes, daffodils ! facing the sun,
The very way *you* should be,
Thinking the world you're planted in
Not half as bad as 't could be,
And growing better every day,
No matter who denies it ;
If you've a plan to better it
Why, live it, and advise it !

IMMORTALITY.

I WOO bright reveries to sweeten life
Upon this wintry coast;
I tire of Earth's white coldness, and I write
Of what I long for most.
The sky is dark, the winter winds are cold,
The snow falls silently
Into the ocean. So sink human lives
Into death's soundless sea.
The snow flakes die not, naught of them is lost ;
They live, and move, and speak
In the white crests which decorate the sea,
And in the waves which break.
Their name is changed, not their reality—
They are the ocean now ;

To-morrow they may be the radiant bow
Spanning Day's weeping brow.

God could not quench their life, nor will He ours
Since us He bade to be.

We sorrow, love, change, vanish and, alas !
The whole is mystery.

We dream our dreams of that which is to be—
A harmless, sweet pastime—

We paint ourselves in white robes, with white wings,
And that is not a crime.

Dreams are a part of us as true as work,
Why call them weak and vain ?

Our work is often worthless, and our dreams
May be as fraught with gain.

"Unwise ?" May be so—but we do not know—
Berate us not too soon ;

Tongue cannot tell where Being may not climb,
Nor what's "behind the moon."

Surely the hopes which, clothed in languaged rhyme,
Come trembling from their rest,

Sadden no soul, however white and high,
Because they are expressed.

We all have suffered losses, and dared hope,
Beyond Death's overthrow,

Somewhere, in Nature's veiled immensity,
Souls live, and love, and grow.

We cannot know what suns sweep past their eyes,
Nor what pale moons illumine

The unseen skies, but still we hold the faith,
Time cannot them consume,

TAKE THE WORLD SWEETLY.

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And that their lives go well. We hope to meet,
Some day, in God's good time.
This hope I give you, as the whitest flower
Upon this spray of rhyme.

TAKE THE WORLD SWEETLY.

YEARS and years together, love,
Through the wide world going,
Happy if the season be
Blooming time or snowing.

We are not the ones to cry
"Dear old year, stay by us!"
For we know the soul of things,
Laughing, would deny us.

And we know the end would be
Quite too many losses,
Killing all the vigorous wreaths
Garlanding life's crosses.

So we let the bright things go
As we do the cold ones,
Welcoming things fresh and new,—
They will soon be old ones.

What, if when we dreaming sat
'Mong the red spring roses,
We had said "This is enough!
Day-breaks and day-closes

"Tarry! Not another year
Can be bright as this is,"

And the days had heeded us?—
We had forbade blisses.

God's creations throb and turn—
Know it and accept it ;
Every heart must learn this truth,
As the years have kept it.

Disappointment, wild and wan,
Knows what pain is in it ;
Grief, in wreaths of sweet dead flowers,
Tells it every minute.

Yet 'tis best we take the world
Sweetly, as we find it ;
If it take us sweetly, well !
If not, we ought not mind it.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER, FOR I AM SATISFIED."

'T WAS bloomy June when one of Earth's fair maidens,
Living a flower-life in a happy home,
Received a summons, borne by angels, sweeping
In silent haste, adown heaven's bending dome ;

A summons to depart from home and kindred,
Leaving the work her dainty hands had done,
All her belongings, save her own pure spirit,
And seek that country where God is the sun.

Friends heard the message with pale consternation,
And tears of pity dimmed unnumbered eyes ;

They clasped her hands, and labored to detain her,
Coaxed her with love gifts, tender words, and sighs.

Sweetly she smiled, dissuaded their repining,
And with her blue eyes heavenward, clear and wide,
Bade them good bye, saying, with brave submission,
“Be of good cheer, for I am satisfied!

“What I have missed Heaven’s fullness will accord me—
Joy, knowledge, growth, and beauty born of truth;
Up the long stairway leading to perfection
I shall pass on in happy, hopeful youth.

“A little while and you will come to join me,—
Years seem so short when joy is sure at last,—
Bid me God speed into that better country
Where life is never pain-fraught, like my past.”

Oh, brave young soul! loving and true, and tender,
No song of sadness sung our dying bird.
Smiling, she looked serenely toward the future,
Fearing to pain her friends by look or word.

Drinking earth’s brightness to the last sad moment,
Loving the sunshine, flowers, and smiles of friends,
She seemed to demonstrate that death is only
A strange, white glory which on life descends.

At last she left us,—passed the mystic portal,
Which leads to Heaven’s unagonized delight.
Her lovely form, which could no longer serve her,
The gentlest hands placed in its casket white.

Classmates and friends and relatives paid tribute
To one so dear in myriads of flowers,

Fashioned in lovely emblems. She must almost
Have longed to thank them in those speechless hours.

All that was over—those white lips had served her
In speaking thanks for the last earthly time.
Her slender fingers traced you all a message
While yet she waited for life's close sublime ;

You knew they pleased her, and that she would choose them
Before the fairer flowers of Paradise,
Because her friends had brought them, and tear-jewels
Dewed their white petals from love-sacred eyes !

One month in heaven ! How pass the bright days o'er her ?
What is she doing ? Who is near and dear ?
Talks she of us ? How she will greet our coming
When all life's labor is accomplished here !

Methinks I see her when the moon, a lily,
Swims in the deeps of space, by us untried ;
Her tender voice comes chiming down the ether,
“ Be of good cheer, for I am satisfied. ”

“THOU KNOWEST.”

WHEN muffling shadows wind our heads
With sombre turbans, and our eyes
Peer through the twilight which they cast,
To fathom life's deep mysteries ;
When God's sweet love seems shut away,
And, though we pray for light and care,

We miss the path and go astray,
How comforting the trustful prayer—
“Thou knowest.”

When thorns we saw not gash our feet,
And soil the blossoms in our way ;
When Hope turns out a ghostly cheat,
Whose heart is ashes cold and gray ;
When motives are not understood,
And senseless bickerings distract,
Though our endeavors are for good,
And love baptizes every act—
“Thou knowest.”

When frantic with its wounds and pain,
The struggling heart can bear no more ;
When will and effort seem in vain
And faintness creeps from rim to core,
The bitter pain, the battles fought,
All unavailing though they be,
Whether in action or in thought,
Tumultuously or silently—
“Thou knowest.”

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

“I was not, and I was conceived. I loved, and did a little work.”

THE atoms bound together in the structure
My loving father christened by my name
Will, in due time, despite all mortal pleading,
Unbind themselves from finite end and aim.

Their service to my spirit will have ended,
All I could learn through them have been attained.
The broken bondage and the tender union
Will not be mourned because of freedom gained.

I like not now to guess the trend the atoms
I wear like garments, when unloosed, will take :
Weakly, I shudder at what may befall them,
If e'er in nerve-thrilled structures they awake.

I fain would bar them out from circulation
Through the weird dance in cycles never done ;
But Nature only loaned them, and will claim them
When I my little journey shall have run.

So, with forced bravery and with blinded senses,
I say : " What cometh will be good and right.
Naught can I change by wishing or entreating—
Eternal laws ne'er bended to man's might."

I live, I love, I writhe, I moan, but hoping
For better things than I can clearly see,
I work to-day, deeming it wise and better
Than idle dreams of what is veiled from me.

Such my philosophy. But with what hunger
I long to see beyond life's harsh to-day !
I want to courage certainty would give me :
I covet knowledge for a staff and stay.

A little while, and unto pallid slumber
All flesh is sworn, and trsytful vows must keep.
Well will it be, if we awake in raptures ;
If not, we ne'er shall mourn because we sleep.

VALOR.

WHEN trouble came to my childish heart
 I prayed that the grave would take me,
 And fold me in from the world apart
 Where never a woe could wake me.
 That was the cry of a foolish child
 Stung by the bees in the roses !
 A child who dreamed that our sorrows wild
 Die, too, when the grave uncloses.

But now I know 'tis a coward's part
 To droop when a Sorrow biteth ;
 Better be up, with a valiant arm,
 Slaying the Wrong which smiteth !
 What availeth a flood of tears ?
 What availeth a world's heart-breaking ?
 The soldier souls of these sin-stained years
 Pause not though their hearts are aching.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

YES! and yes a thousand times,
 If we face it calm and brave,
 Working to decrease all crimes,
 Glad to educate and save.

When we cease the self-ful cry
 "O! what will become of me
 When the hour arrives to die ?
 Shall I be, or cease to be?"

We shall be more grandly great !
 Self-forgetful, let us say,
 "We were born to this estate,
 And we could not stay away.

"Factors of a mighty plan,
 Though to us inscrutable,
 Our fate is the fate of man
 Changeless, indisputable."

Righteous labor best befits
 Those who love their fellow men.
 Fate ! we cannot alter it,
 Patient let us wait the "Then."

If our small lives make the Earth
 Less one grain of wickedness,
 Then we were not baned by birth;
 Life *is* worth the living. Yes !

When we gain the longed-for Heaven,
 Dreamed in dreams, and sung in rhymes,
 Then the answer shall be given,
 Yes ! and yes a million times !

A NEW MARGUERITE.

(Painted by Frank Thompkins, 1880, at Cleveland, O.)

BY her window muses she,
 Where a sombre-leaved ivy
 Juiced with sorrow seems to be,
 And wreathes the casement where no sunlight falls.

She looks a tearful thought,
In maiden's drapery caught,
And prisoned in those humble cottage walls.

Where look those haunted eyes?
Ah ! surely futurewise,
Where young Love cries and dies
With self-accusings on her pallid lips.
Dead heart, and crazy eyes,
Dungeon, and maniac cries,
These she fore-feels, and Love's most dread eclipse.

She seems too pure and fair
To suffer such despair !
What can with her compare?
A lily, dying in the pale moonlight ;
A pansy, snow entombed ;
A calla blossom, doomed
To die upon a coffin's cold, dead, white.

Thou lovely German flower !
Never shall any power
Consume thee from this hour,
But on the artist's canvas thou shalt live.
"Once I did all I could ;
I thought thou wert so good !"
This dying moan shall make all hearts forgive.

THE COMING OF OUR GOSPEL.

WHITE angels cleft the airy sea
And said "O Earth, we pity thee!

The ceaseless moaning from thy vales
Has burdened all thy fragrant gales ;

The dripping of so many tears
Has saddened Heaven these many years."

Then all the air grew strangely sweet
With chiming of the angels' feet.

Homes full of mourning grew more light
With wavering clouds of raiment white.

And all the air was full of songs
Of Earth's redemption from her wrongs.

Jesus the crucified, the good,
Sang the grand song of brotherhood.

And choral bursts of symphony
Proclaimed mankind's divinity.

Earth's fallen angels, sunk so low,
Peered up through smoky veils of woe,

And having torn their veils away,
They ran to greet the perfect day.

Those who were slaves to blighting wrong
Cried " Lo, of freedom is the song ! "

The toiler caught the melody
And said " They sing equality ! "

Woman, who sat with bended brows
In the draped window of her house,

Arose, and benedictions sweet
Flowed over her from head to feet ;

She felt the surging tides of strength
Throb in her languid heart at length,
And stepping forward, hand in hand
With man, she murmured, "Life grows grand."
The little children jumped in glee
And cried, "The angels sing for me !
They're singing lessons fresh and new,
Those missionaries in the blue."
Oh, earth was one grand music hall,
Voicing some melody for all !

LITTLES.

BUSIED all day I sit at last
With folded hands to rest ;
Another of life's days has gone
Adown the reddening west;
How very little have I done,
And yet how very much ;
No great success was ever won
In twenty thousand such !
But great discomfort had been wrought
If I had failed to do,
Even the littles Love's eyes sought
And gladly labored through ;
So as I sit alone to-night
And overlook the day ;
I think I feel far more delight
Than had I now to say :

"I wrote a splendid song, whereat
The world must offer praise ;
I slighted duties, and all that,
To walk in flowery ways ;
But what if loving eyes did plead
For many little things,
And hungry hearts grew faint indeed ?
I gave the sweet song wings."

Or, if I sat with brush in hand,
Shut-eyed to all about,
And on my canvas wrought to bring
Ideal beauty out;
I should not sense that peace of soul,
That heaven brought very near,
As when I feel love makes me whole,
Doing for those most dear.

And it may be that in the end
The things which seem so small,
May sum up greater than we hope
With God who knoweth all.
Then let me do the little things—
Of life so large a part—
And if you cannot call me great,
Oh, call me kind of heart !

A DAY CLOSE.

THE day has gone in just the common fashion,
Eating and drinking, doing this and that
Which needs must be—maybe a word in passion
And scores more simply common-place and flat.

The time has come for sleep ; robed for departing
To realms where silky poppies scent the air
I pause and wait, wishing before the starting
To offer up my heart-felt evening prayer :

“ Source of all life, I thank Thee with heart fullness
For such sweet trifles as have blest my day ! ”

How could I be unhappy or feel dullness
With something good to do, and sweet to say ?
To plait my child's sunshiny, tangled tresses,
To teach her lessons, varied and of use,
To knot her ribbons, re-adjust her dresses,
And for her naughty moments finds excuse,

Were something to bless life for ; and how lonely
Her day had been without my watchful care !
Love has more angel watchers than those only
Whose viewless robes are formed of mist and air,
And, oh, my last night's dreams all day have cheered me
By bringing freshly up, with wondrous art,
Snatches of song, and kind words which endeared me
To those whom Heaven ordained friends of my heart.

The pretty babe which floated in to see me,
Its flower-like face aflitter with its smiles,
Was quite enough to make all sadness flee me,
And give me dreams of Heaven's enchanted isles,
Whereto its fair-haired sister was transplanted,
To bloom secure from accident and blight ;
Her little life is full of joys enchanted,
And that should give her lover's pure delight.

My son came in from the world's rush and jostle
To rest an hour beside our old home fire ;

A fair-haired man—Truth's most devout apostle
Wishing to climb whereto he doth aspire.
I, who have worked and waited, learning patience
Year after year, unclogging heavy wheels,
Fain to believe the brilliant, fleeing distance
Might soon be reached, know how Youth, travelling, feels.

I know how slow our dreams assume the real,
What fell discouragements lurk all about,
And how, too oft, we have a grand ideal
While the grand real we must do without !
But it were cruelty to count mischances
And bruise young Hope till light dies from her eyes ;
Godspeed, my boy ! and struggle for advances,
Counting on victories as on sunrise !

For sometime, in some shape, you shall achieve them ;
They may be near or may be far away,
But all true workers first or last receive them
In growth of soul and error's sure decay.
We may not dictate how shall come fruition,
Unto ourselves, or to the common leal ;
Unbinding self from personal ambition,
Joy in advancing universal weal.

The trivial things since sunrise well compensate
The ceaseless efforts of my common day ;
If some veiled Good come after, then no ingrate
To Fate am I. I hope the best away.
My hour at brush-work, swift as magic, took me
Across the ocean to the lovely Rhine,
Dotted with fishing boats. All else forsook me
The while I made its banks and blue waves mine.

Then I came back to an Arbutus trailing
 Its stem of waxy blooms o'er mossy bank ;
 I made its woodland sweetnesses availing
 To deck home's walls—beauty in foremost rank.

* * * * *

Now from the Actual, where Strength and Valor
 May never rest in undisturbed repose,
 To the Ideal, where in rosy pallor
 Peace reigneth queen, I rise at this day close.

DREAM VOICES.

IT snows to-night, and the harsh December
 Is so unlovely I can but turn
 To those sweet seasons I well remember,
 Making my spirit yearn and burn.
 Like some lone mariner on mid-ocean
 I turn my face to my native shore,
 Sick and tired of the ceaseless motion,
 Rocking and shocking me evermore.
 Olden songs are the wild waves bringing,
 Sounding voiceless along the sea ;
 Father, mother and sister singing
 'Neath the shade of the old roof-tree.
 Deep and full comes a rich bass rolling,
 Little Rose-mouth an alto sings,
 Melting all.—Hark ! the bells are tolling,
 Rocked by the flutter of angels' wings.
 Sad good-byes at the marble door-way,
 Lonely hearths, and our angels fled ;

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

Bended brows, which are always dreaming
 Over the tender words they said ;
 Prayerful pauses at lonely labor,
 Streaming eyes in the midnight dark ;
 Still, small voices and glad new gospels
 Ringing down through the shadows. Hark !

Olden voices again come ringing
 Over the grating of earthly strife ;
 Father, mother and sister singing,
 Glad on the mountains of endless life !
 Cheered, I turn from the thought of losses
 Lying darkly along the past ;
 Roses climb o'er the coldest crosses,
 Fresh life over Death's record cast !

Sorrow fades in the blissful real
 Shown in the glimmer of mystic lights ;
 Joy blooms up to its high ideal
 Looking off to those stormless heights ;
 Voices cleaving the far, still spaces,
 Life's lost joy to my soul impart ;
 Who would weep over dead dream-faces
 With living angels so near his heart ?

A FAMILY QUARREL.

L EAN Betty was a tonguester
 Of note in olden time,
 And just to teach a moral
 I'll deck her out in rhyme.

I can not praise her beauty,
For she had none at all ;
I can not laud her virtues
Because they were so small.

However, she was married
To Long John, lank and cute,
Who mostly held her even
In wrangling and dispute.
One night, not far from midnight,
From sleep Lean Betty 'woke,
And hearing Long John snoring,
She gave his side a poke.

"Wake up, lanky ! and hear me !
For I have thought a thought !
If I should find four florins
A young cow might be bought !"
"So, so !" said John, "and after,
If she should raise a calf,
Of all the milk and butter
I should eat fully half !"

"The milk is not for you, John ;
The calf must have all that,
For when we wish to sell it
It must be big and fat."
"Oh, surely !" said the husband,
"But then, what milk I drink
Will not make any difference
To cow or calf, I think."

"It may, or may not, lanky,
But I'll not have it done !

Of all the milk my cow gives,
 You, Long John, shall have none.
 You cowless beggar, tell me
 Where you learned aught of cows?
 Milking the little lean goat?
 So poor it calls the crows!

"Now if *I* find the florins
 Then *I* the beast shall buy;
 And if a calf comes after,
 If *that's* not *mine*, say *why*."

"Now hold your tongue, you vixen,
 Or I'll pinch off your nose!"

"Whip-snapper! sneak!" cried Betty,
 "Must we then come to blows?"

"I may not find the florins,
 Then we shall have no cow;
 And if no cow, no calf, John,—
 We are two fools, I vow!"

Then Long John, less reflective,
 Sat grimly up in bed—
 "But if you *do*, Lean Betty,
I'll drink the milk," he said.

LOVE.

O, LOVE!

Thou art an orphan in this world of ours
 Wearing a coronet of dead white flowers,
 Who, with sad eyes, and lashes meek and wet,
 Art dreaming dreams which fill thee with regret.

O, Love !

Fore'er divine in this sin-sullied world !
Thy tender lips contempt has never curled,
Thy pearly fingers cannot wear a stain,
Albeit they link with Sorrow, Sin and Pain.

O, Love !

Thou of the drooping lash and downcast eyes,
Wreathed by the angels in thy native skies,
Shalt wear again a living wreath of white
Touched by the glory of supernal light.

O, Love !

Thou are no egotist, in boastful tone
Claiming thy angelhood, and thine alone ;
But, sighing sadly, that eachwistful quest
Tell thee the sinless angels know the best.

WADING IN THE BROOK.

DOWN in the wooded hollow, where a crystal brook is running,

A long-drawn thread of silver tangled all around the trees ;
Where wild birds bathe in summer, and the trout choose
shade or sunning,

And all the things which live there do exactly as they please,
Is a rose-mouthed rustic maiden, very arch and very cunning ;

Ho, Mollie—in the water to her precious little knees!

The poplar trees are laughing, and the stoic oak is sighing ;
The wild grape swings its tendrils and its ropes of safety
down ;

The sunlight spots the water, and the shadows all seem trying
To creep about her gleaming feet and shade them down to
brown ;

The school-bell rings, but truantly she is its call defying—
Ring, vainly, vainly, brazen bell ! Mollie is out town !

The pebbles look like amber beads some water sprite has
scattered ;

The willows dip, like fairy wands, into the limpid stream ;
The brown thrush sings as crazily, as if its heart were shattered,
And very, very tenderly, the ring-dove sings her dream ;
The partridge drums upon the hill, a daddock old and battered,
While, now and then, an oriole lights up a scarlet gleam.

The fishes up and down the brook in little troops are playing,
Now flashing in a spot of sun, next in a shadowed nook ;
They glide about the maiden, thinking, doubtless, if not say-
ing,

“Such little girls as Mollie never sport a cruel hook.”

O Mollie, with your silky hair loose as the wild vine swaying,
God keep your crystal soul as pure and heaven-watched as
the brook.

OMNIPRESENCE.

LISPING Blue-eyes went to church,
For she'd pretty things to wear,
And she listened, as she ought,
While the preacher did declare,
In his most Talmagic style,
“God our Lord, is everywhere !”

Blue-eyes had a roguish bent,
 Sweet, and harmless, but she thought.
 "I don't want Him watching me ;
 In some mischief I'll be caught,
 For nobody's little girl
 Can do *always* as she ought. "

She was worried, and next day
 Sought her mother's sympathy.
 "Mama " said the little one,
 "Is God in this room with me ?"
 "Yes, my dear. " "And on the lawn ?"
 "Yes, in every place there be. "

Blue-eyes dropped her flossy head
 On her dog in earnest thought;
 No philosopher could be
 More provokingly distraught ;
 Such a bothering thing to know
 Had the preacher's sermon taught !

Half in pretty petulance
 Out among the flowers ran she;
 Dash ran after, but she stamped,
 "Dog, go back, and leave me be !
 It is bad enough to know
 God is always 'tagging' me !"

KEEP GLAD SONGS INTONING.

IF you bear a heavy heart, sing and try to cheer it !
 Some sad fellow-traveller will be glad to hear it ;
 Song is always pleasanter than dolorous moaning,
 Sing for those who lack good cheer ; keep glad words intoning.

When the clouds hang heavily and our feet are weary,
When our eyes are blind in mists and the night is dreary,
Is it not a gladsome sound, hope and new strength bringing,
As we march, to catch some voice hallelujahs singing ?

Sing about the Father's love, peaceful rest in Heaven,
When we pilgrims all reach home, no more tempest driven ;
Then we need not sing to cheer those too heavy-hearted ;
Life will be one triumphant song with the dear departed.

For your fellow traveller's sake sing, then, and be cheery ;
Moans and groans from wretched hearts make the strong
grow weary !

There's enough to sing about on Heaven's blooming highlands.
Where white lilies wreath the rims of the Eternal Islands.

THE MIDNIGHT PRAYER.

THE noon of night approaches,
And yet I wait and pray,
For one who, many years ago,
Went silently away.

The dew of life was on her
In fragrant purity,
And her dear face from childhood
Was full of love for me.

Her little, blossomy fingers
Caressed me every day ;
It is most strange I did not die
The day she went away !

That I could live one moment
And know that she was dead,
Is stranger than the strangest words
Which tongue has ever said.

But ten years nearer Heaven
Than on that snowy day,
When, with the waiting angels
She whitely sailed away,

I sit in prayerful silence,
Eager, almost to pain,
And wish her blossomy fingers
May touch my hair again.

Beat softly hurrying pulses,
Her white soul draweth near!
The midnight prayer is answered;
She whispers, "I am here."

ESTEEM THYSELF.

Nul n'est, s'il ne jouit de sa propre estime."—No one is happy unless he can esteem himself,—*Rousseau*,

WASTE not your time and effort
To catch a fleeting dream,
Nor run to win the rainbow,
Melting above yon stream;
Nor yet that pretty bauble,
The changeful world's esteem.
For bitter disappointment
Will come of seeking that,

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

And when you think you wear it,
Like roses on your hat,
You dream—you dream but falsely,
Not knowing what you're at.

Indeed, we all strive bravely
To please the exacting world ;
She glorifies a moustache
Perfumed, and oiled, and curled,
And those to whom her trumps fall
Are kinged, and duked and earled.

And what have kings so mighty ?
They ride adown the town,
And hats are off right quickly,
And shouting heads drop down ;
And then they take the blanket
Of common green and brown.

The candidate for favors
Looks out the safest stand,
Salutes the world profoundly—
How elegant, how bland
And loves her—while she pats him
With condescending hand !

But she is most capricious,
And if she says to-day,
“Go on, oh, pretty favorite,
And have your own sweet way,”
To-morrow she will bid you
“Stand back ! and no delay.”

Too much we all are working,
With rude or cultured art,

To win esteem from others,
 And gain the public heart,
 Albeit we know, or should know,
 There is a nobler part.
 An art which can be trusted,
 Not backed by the false pretense ;
 Based on a code of honor
 And writ in sterling sense—
 An art which holds its 'vantage
 With skill and power immense.
 Perfected but by labor,
 It is no dreamer's dream,
 And if 'twere in our creed-book
 Then things were what they seem ;
Before all other duties
Secure your own esteem !

A SONG OF LIFE AND DEATH.

O SWEET-BROWED Philanthropy ! dew from the skies
 Shine tender and tremulous under your lashes,
 And hope never fades from your beautiful eyes
 Though sadly you walk o'er the holiest ashes.
 To-day you are weeping for classical Crete,
 And doing for love of her sanctified labor,
 For Glory is chained at a tyrant's base feet,
 And Jove's sunny darling is gashed by the saber.
 Do for her, sigh for her,
 Strengthen her hands ;
 Mute powers shall cry for her,
 Breaking her bands !

Then, thou of the myrtle crown, look o'er the crest
 Of our hills which the sun gilds with glory when setting,
 And pity the Indian, far in the West,
 Whose future is hopeless, whose present regretting.
 Defrauded by intellect bright as the sun,
 Where honor should reign with her luminous scepter,
 He knows where the lines of his future will run,
 For silver-tongued dupers have acted preceptor !
 Pity his helplessness,
 Child of the light,
 Moved, like the men in chess,
 Suiting sly sleight.

Stretch out your white fingers, in token of shame,
 To those whose white *creed* is "The valor of heroes,"
 And ask if mean tricks from frank-faced Honor came,
 Or sprang up from spirits as petty as Nero's.
 The wisdom which thrives upon ignorance seems
 Like stealing the oats where a blind horse is feeding ;
 E'en knaves cannot thrive on such illy-planned schemes,
 And thence came the war whoop, the scalping, the bleeding.
 Face the fact, own to it,
 Wish the page cleaner ;
 Alter the face of wit
 From its base senior !

The power and the triumph, all matchless and grand,
 The glory of race 'round the white man is blazing ;
 The red man stands sullen, his bow in hand,
 And sees our great grain fields where shy game was grazing.
 His forests are gone, and he follows afar
 The antelope lithe, and the bison terrific,

To realms where the great woods, and wild mountains are,
 And loud rolls the surge of the solemn Pacific.
 Gloomy oblivion,
 Couched in the shadows,
 Beckons him ever on
 From his wild meadows.

The ages come on when his type will be lost,
 His history live but in legend and story,
 And white-faced displacers the land shall have crossed
 To live in the light of progression and glory.
 Reluctantly, sadly the truth breaketh so,
 And speaketh fatality changeless and solemn:
 "That race which advances not, surely must go—
 Where now are the Aztecs, and all the long column?"
 Brothers, in the face of this,
 Soften his fall!
 Though he may act amiss,
 Yet, forgive all!

LITTLE BON-BON.

NOT so wise as many another
 Not so deep and searching;
 She is just a fairy song-bird
 In the bright leaves perching!
 What heeds she the ring-dove's mourning,
 Or the blue-jay's chatters?
 If the hawks scream, or the crows caw,
 Naught to her it matters.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

Dainty Bon-bon ! never, never,
 Saw I blue eyes sweeter !
 Ringlets never reeled their riches
 Into coils completer !
 And your purse-mouth, that is shaped,
 To clear, amber candies ;
 Oh, light Bon-bon ! you are just
 A pocket-piece for dandies !

 And you talk of such sweet trifles :
 Robes of blue and maizes ;
 Tucks, and puffs, and loops, and flounces,
 And most charming laces ;
 Darling bonnets, gay boot-tassels—
 “Monsieur, look a minute !”
 Bon-bon flashes like a peacock,
 Tiny as a linnet !

 Who declared they care not any
 For such lissom creatures ?
 All the worthy sons of mothers,
 Stoics, statesmen, preachers !
 I'd believe them if they did not
 Fib so with their fingers,
 Beckoning to delicious Bon-bon !
 But she laughs, and lingers.

MEDITATION.

SITTING silent and alone
 As the moonlight night is passing,

All the best things I have known
Round my hooded life are massing ;
Balmy breaths from roses blown,
Sweet delights from lilies grown
On the banks of dead years, known
As the past years of the world—
Dear, dead years !

For the lips which I have kissed
In their flushing and their paling ;
For the eyes in shine and mist
True, and tender, and unfalling ;
For the great souls, still and strong,
Knowing well and loving long,
All my being throbs with song
To the past years of the world—
Dear, dead years !

That the inspirations sweet
From the hearts to my heart dearest
Will in Heaven be more complete,
And their souls to my soul nearest
Is a faith most deeply dear ;
If they fade and vanish here,
Still will be some coming year
As the past years of the world—
Dear, dead years !

Tender pleasures, rosy dreams
Heavenward hang in azure distance,
And the future throbs and teems
With the sparkle of existence,

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

Making promise, wordlessly,
What the coming years shall be
Rich in happiness to me
As the past years of the world—
Dear, dead years !

DROP CHARITY'S CURTAIN.

DROP the white curtain,
O, Friends ! be certain,
Never was hurt in
 Forgiveness and love.
Throw down your lances,
Soften your glances,
Reason advances
 With words from above.
When Sin pauses, weeping,
In humbleness creeping
To Charity's Keeping,
 What action is best ?
Curses to fling to her ?
Censures to bring to her ?
 Or pity and rest ?
Weak heart and strong heart,
Good heart and wrong heart,
Have felt the long smart
 Which wrong-doing brings.
All mortals cover
Some blemish over,
Though you discover
 No pain-throbbing stings.

We all are brothers,
Clay formed our mothers,
Each like all others,
 Too much to forget,
We must have our time,
Facing the shower time,
 Cold, pleading, and wet.

Men may cry, "Stranger !
Whence came you, ranger ?
Through what grim danger
 That made you so black ?"
But they know well enough
Where lie the passes rough ;
They blacked a glove and cuff
 Who passed the same track.
Pharisee ! blame him !
Point at him ! Shame him !
 Through nights and through days.
God knoweth both of you :
Clear as a globe of dew
 He sees all your ways.

Envy ! Peace-scarer !
Black thunder-bearer !
Would you were rarer
 Than white angels be !
When will time's surges
Bury your scourges
Too deep for dirges
 To sound down the sea ?

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

When on man's growing
Love's breath is blowing,
And life is flowing

 In sight of its God.

Feet treading under
Tempest and thunder,
 Pass under the rod !

Drop the white curtain.—

O Friends ! be certain

Never was hurt in

 Forgiveness and love.

Broken hearts bleed for it,

Ashen lips plead for it,

We all have need for it—

 Vulture and dove.

O ! when wild demons cry

Till all our angels fly

Leaving us hell to eye,

 Pallid with fear—

Drop the white curtain :

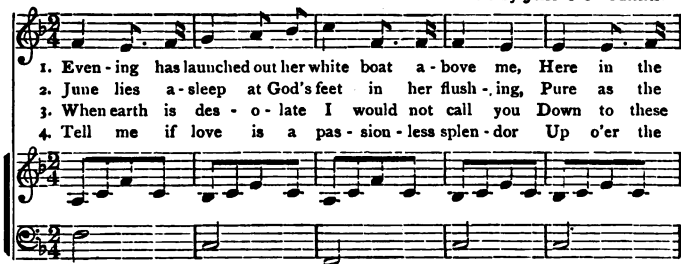
Never was hurt in

 A pitying tear.

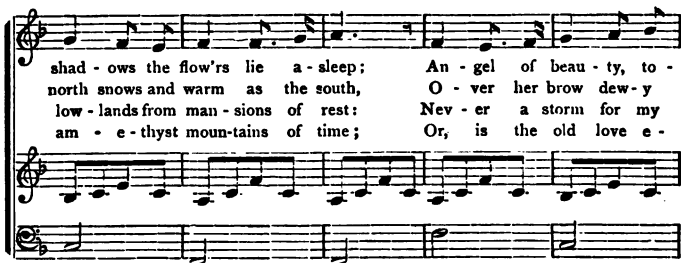
MUSIC TABLE.

CLARIBEL.

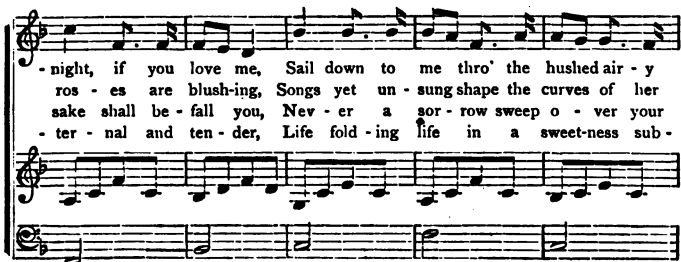
Music by JAMES G. CLARK.



1. Even - ing has launched out her white boat a - bove me, Here in the
 2. June lies a - sleep at God's feet in her flush - ing, Pure as the
 3. When earth is des - o - late I would not call you Down to these
 4. Tell me if love is a pas - sion - less splen - dor Up o'er the



shad - ows the flow'rs lie a - sleep: An - gel of beau - ty, to -
 north snows and warm as the south, O - ver her brow dew - y
 low - lands from man - sions of rest: Nev - er a storm for my
 am - e - thyst moun - tains of time; Or, is the old love e -



- night, if you love me, Sail down to me thro' the hushed air - y
 ros - es are blush - ing, Songs yet un - sung shape the curves of her
 sake shall be - fall you, Nev - er a sor - row sweep o - ver your
 - ter - nal and ten - der, Life fold - ing life in a sweet - ness sub -

Copyright, 1880, by J. D. Tallmadge.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

deep; Come from the head-lands that gleam on the dark night,
mouth; You are so wise you would know past mis-tak-ing,
breast. I will not beck-on when hot tears are show'ring,
- lime? You float at will o-ver meas-ure-less spac-es

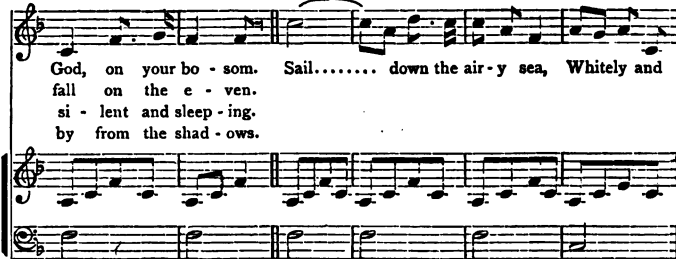
Down o'er the bil-lows a-trem-ble with star-light, Wear-ing the
This is the world where hearts grieve un-to break-ing, But you would
I will not call when the dark storms are low'r-ing; Time was when
I can not climb up to heav-en-ly plac-es; Come down to

sanc-ti-fied as-pho-del-blos-som, Plucked from the gar-den of
dream it the out-skirts of heav-en, Save for the shad-ows that
you had your meas-ure of weep-ing, Dear soul, whose bod-y lies
me from your lil-y starred mead-ows, I will come up by and

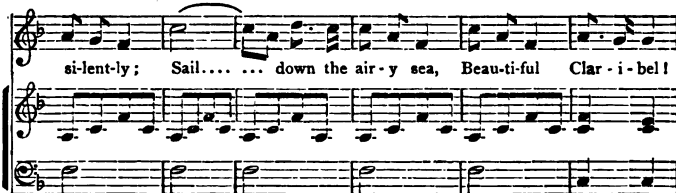
CLARIBEL.

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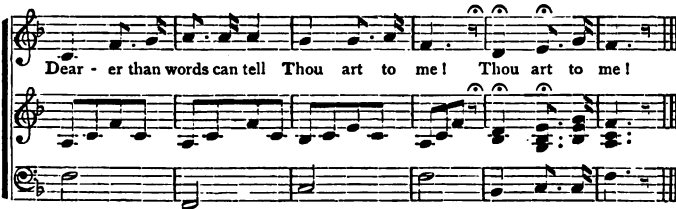
REFRAIN.



God, on your bo - som. Sail..... down the air - y sea, Whitely and
fall on the e - ven.
si - lent and sleep - ing.
by from the shad - ows.



si - lent - ly; Sail.... down the air - y sea, Beau - ti - ful Clar - i - bell

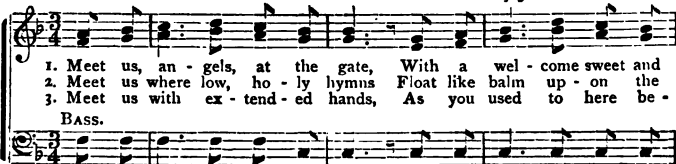


Dear - er than words can tell Thou art to me! Thou art to me!

MEET US AT THE CRYSTAL GATE.

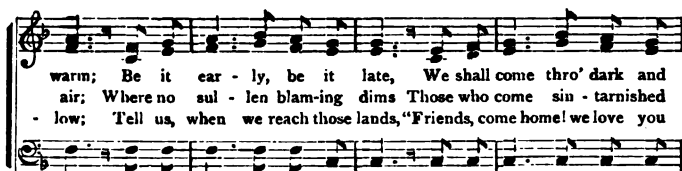
AIR and ALTO.

Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

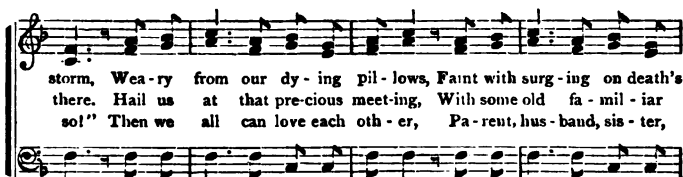


1. Meet us, an - gels, at the gate, With a wel - come sweet and
2. Meet us where low, ho - ly hymns Float like balm up - on the
3. Meet us with ex - tend - ed hands, As you used to here be -
BASS.

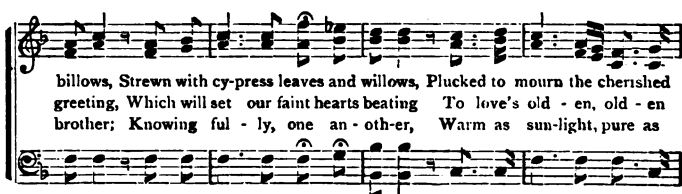
FROM SOUL TO SOUL.



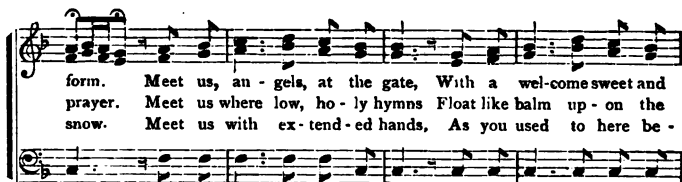
warm; Be it ear - ly, be it late, We shall come thro' dark and
air; Where no sul - len blam-ing dims Those who come sin - tarnished
- low; Tell us, when we reach those lands, "Friends, come home! we love you



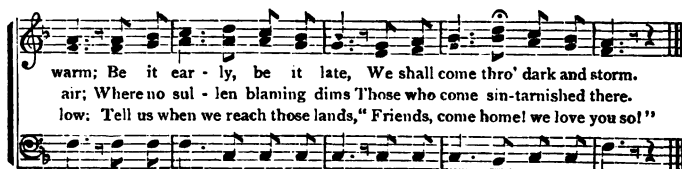
storm, Wea - ry from our dy - ing pil - lows, Faint with surg - ing on death's
there. Hail us at that pre - cious meet - ing, With some old fa - mil - iar
sol!" Then we all can love each oth - er, Pa - rent, hus - band, sis - ter,



billows, Strewn with cy - press leaves and willows, Plucked to mourn the cherished
greeting, Which will set our faint hearts beating To love's old - en, old - en
brother; Know - ing ful - ly, one an - oth - er, Warm as sun - light, pure as



form. Meet us, an - gels, at the gate, With a wel - comesweet and
prayer. Meet us where low, ho - ly hymns Float like balm up - on the
snow. Meet us with ex - tend - ed hands, As you used to here be -



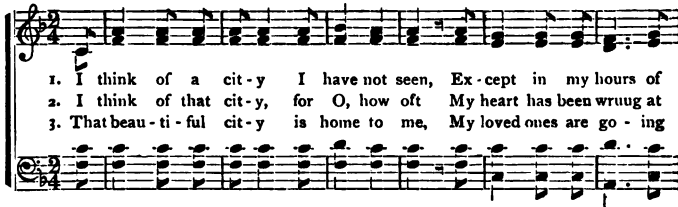
warm; Be it ear - ly, be it late, We shall come thro' dark and storm.
air; Where no sul - len blaming dims Those who come sin - tarnished there.
low; Tell us when we reach those lands, "Friends, come home! we love you sol!"

THE UNSEEN CITY.

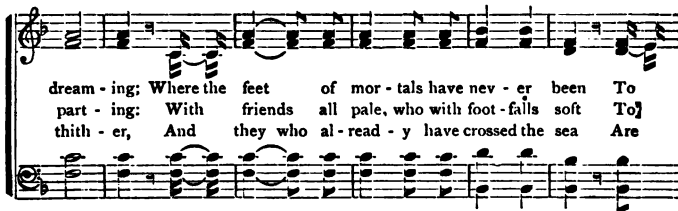
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THE UNSEEN CITY.

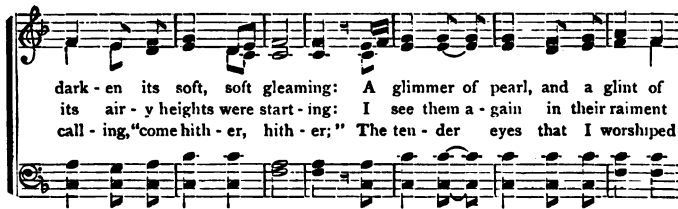
Music by JAMES G. CLARK.



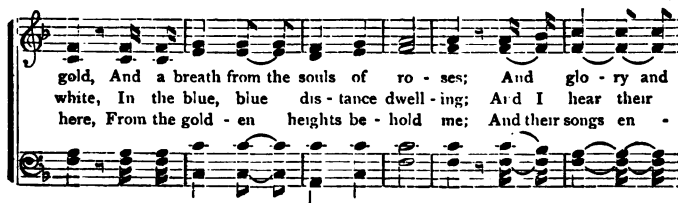
1. I think of a cit-y I have not seen, Ex-cept in my hours of
2. I think of that cit-y, for O, how oft My heart has been wrung at
3. That beau-ti-ful cit-y is home to me, My loved ones are go-ing



dream-ing: Where the feet of mor-tals have nev-er been To
part-ing: With friends all pale, who with foot-falls soft To
thith-er, And they who al-read-y have crossed the sea Are



dark-en its soft, soft gleaming: A glimmer of pearl, and a glint of
its air-y heights were start-ing: I see them a-gain in their raiment
call-ing, "come hith-er, hith-er;" The ten-der eyes that I worshiped



gold, And a breath from the souls of ro-ses; And glo-ry and
white, In the blue, blue dis-tance dwell-ing; And I hear their
here, From the gold-en heights be-hold me; And their songs en-

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

beau - ty all un - told, Steal o - ver my calm re - po - ses.
 prais - es in calm de - light Come down on the breez - es swell - ing.
 - trance my rap - tured ear When the wings of slum - ber fold me.

CHORUS.

As I dream,..... As I dream.....

As I dream of a cit - y I have not seen, Of a cit - y I

As I dream,..... As I dream.....

..... Of a cit - y I have not seen, As I

have not seen, As I dream..... As I

..... Of a cit - y I have not seen, As I

THE UNSEEN CITY.

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dream,..... As I dream.....

dream of a cit - y I have not seen, Of a cit - y I

dream,..... As I dream.....

Of a . cit - y I

Of a cit - y I have not seen....

have not seen, Of a cit - y I have not seen....

Of a cit - y I have not seen....

have not seen.

WE SHALL MEET OUR FRIENDS IN THE MORNING.

Music by J. G. CLARK.

1. O, the cheer - ing dreams we know, As we toil a - long be -

2. Oft our hearts grow sick with pain, And we hope and pray in

3. We shall scarce re - mem - ber there, All these bat - tle scars we "

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

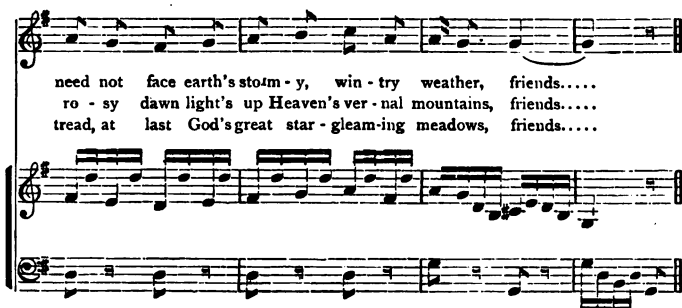
low, To the coun - try where we all shall rest to -
 vain That our Fa - ther make more sweet earth's bit - ter
 bear, How we cleft a path to glo - ry Through the

- gether, friends,..... Where the sum - mer al - ways
 fountains, friends,..... Then we wipe a - way our
 shadows, friends,..... For our tri - umph will be

stays With her blos - som brightened days, And we
 tears, And look past these cloud - y years, Where a
 sweet, And most ju - bi - lant our feet, When we

WE SHALL MEET OUR FRIENDS.

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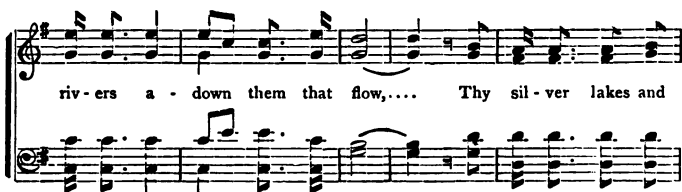


need not face earth's storm-y, win-try weather, friends....
 ro-sy dawn light's up Heaven's ver-nal mountains, friends....
 tread, at last God's great star-gleam-ing meadows, friends....

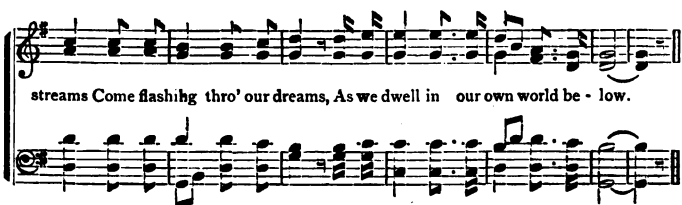
CHORUS.



O, glo-ry-light-ed land, Thy val-leys deep and grand, Thy



riv-ers a-down them that flow,... Thy sil-ver lakes and



streams Come flash-ing thro' our dreams, As we dwell in our own world be-low.

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.

We shall meet our friends in the morn - - ing, We shall

meet our friends in the morn - - ing, . We shall meet our

friends in the morn - ing. When the dream of our earth-life is o'er.

THE WORLD IS GROWING GOOD.

Music by JAMES G. CLARK.

1. Let us set the great world ring - ing, With our hope - ful mer - ry
2. Wrong is flee - ing Earth's high pla - ces, And we'll shout for hon - est
3. O, a thou - sand lights are gleam - ing, Brighter far than po - et's

THE WORLD IS GROWING GOOD. 221

sing - ing, For the earth is full of beau - ty, far and near ;
fa - ces, And for hearts as strong as time, and true as steel ;
dreaming, Thro' the dark - ness which has shut a - way the skies ;

On the fra - grant air of sum - mer, We will wake a tune - ful
She is , loos - ing all her leas - es, And her sys - tems fall to
Lo, we see il - lumined fa - ces Lighting up the e - ther

murmur, That the faint and wea - ry heart - ed all may hear.....
pie - ces, While we cheer for men who rea - son, learn, and feel.....
spa - ces, And we catch the earnest gaze of an - gel eyes.....

CHORUS.

O! the world is grow-ing good, For the right is un-der-

- stood, And our lit-tle lives are full of bri-liant chances.....

..... Martyrs have not died in vain, And we chant a glad re-

- frain, As we fol-low Trnth wher-ev-er she ad-vanc-es!....

4 Then we'll raise a ringing chorus,
 For the golden days before us,
 While we work to bring them nearer, day by day,
 Heaven is not so far above us,
 That its inmates cannot love us,
 And lean out to hear us singing on our way.

CHO:-O! the world, &c.

